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THE REV. FATHER STACK.

ROMISH BISHOPS AS PROPERTY-HOLDERS.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A PRIEST at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, the Rev. Mr. STACK, wrote, according to his own statement, an article in a newspaper, in 1870, denying the right of the pope to interfere in political questions. Although not a Fenian, nor approving of the objects of that association, he thought the pope's condemnation of the society wrong in principle—the assertion of a dangerous power that might be readily abused. He was soon made to feel his imprudence. He became the object of constant persecutions—the *Le Maudit* of his diocese. His bishop annoyed him with subtle and scarcely noticeable interferences; his character was assailed by secret and open arts; his church was left in debt. At length he was removed from Williamsport, and directed to go to another station. This command the Rev. Mr. STACK refused to obey, and has appealed to the civil courts to enable him to retain possession of the church at Williamsport, where a portion of the congregation have ventured to express a wish that he should remain. The court and Judge GAMBLE have decided in his favor. Mr. STACK asserts that he can not be removed, according to the canon law, until some good cause is shown; Bishop O'HARA claims that his power is despotic, and that the priest has deserved, by his disobedience, the most severe penalties of the Romish rule.

The Rev. Mr. STACK has, therefore, been stricken down with no sparing hand. He has been degraded from the office of priest, has been excommunicated. The Irish congregation were punished for their sympathy with him by being deprived for some time of the ministrations of a priest. Yet the deposed clergyman still defies the despotic authority of his superiors, keeps possession of the church building, and calls upon the courts of justice to defend him against his persecutors. He claims to represent the cause of thousands of Romish priests in this country, who, if Bishop O'HARA is sustained in his assumptions, hold their churches, their living, their opinions, their honor, at the mercy of an unscrupulous master. In fact, if the case is pursued in the civil courts, it will throw a strong light upon that system of intimidation and cruel tyranny by which the Romish bishops have heretofore kept the inferior order of the clergy, as well as their whole people, in abject submission. It seems, however, that the congregation at Williamsport have rebelled against the despotic rule of the bishop. They, at least, remember that they live under a free government. At a public meeting they have sustained their pastor, have denounced the attempt to deprive them of the control of their own property, or to excommunicate and degrade a faithful priest.

During that rigorous rule which the Romish priesthood have been enabled to exercise for many years over the legislation of New York, a law was passed that might well have startled an Austrian emperor or a papal king. The whole property of the Romish Church was taken forever from the hands of the people, and transferred to the clergy. No Catholic congregation has any longer any right to the control of the church building it has paid for, or the school-houses and the lands it has provided for its own use; a board of trustees, composed of the bishop, two priests, and two laymen, appointed yearly by the clergy, is alone empowered to hold its property. With regard to religious corporations, we believe that in every other State some provision is made that they shall remain republican in their form of government. The people are empowered to manage their affairs: the members of every congregation are alone recognized in the eye of the law. To separate the clergy from the people, to elevate them into a governing caste, to place in their hands the whole power and wealth of a denomination possessed of enormous resources, and a wide control of the treasury of the city of New York, was the act of a corrupt or a timid Legislature, and should at once be removed from the statute-book it has forever dishonored. No other religious sect, indeed, was ever so favored, or ever preferred so presumptuous a claim. Baptists, Episcopalians, Jews, and Presbyterians, have all yielded readily to the principle of popular rule. The clergy with them have no more power in financial affairs, or perhaps less, than any member of the congregation; no Methodist bishop or Episcopal priest has ever presumed to assert that the property of his church belonged alone to his order, that the laity was an inferior and ignorant caste, unfit to be intrusted with the care of the possessions it had acquired by its honest toil.

Yet this is the claim of the Romish priesthood, this is the rule that has been adopted by the Legislature of New York. By one of the most extraordinary laws ever enacted in an American government, the Romish clergy have been invested with a despotic power over their people such as they have never been permitted to possess in papal Austria or Jesuitical France. In the latter the church property is held by the state; in the former the clergy are under the strict supervision of the government. But in New York the Romish priests are selected as the only representatives of their denomination in the view of the law, and are placed in control of an immense domain, swelled recently by great accessions, and promising, if not checked in its career, to become as dangerous to the public welfare, as destructive to national morality, as fatal to the interests of freedom, as were the church lands that have recently been confiscated in Italy, or the wide possessions of the papacy in medieval Europe. The law of New York endows the Romish priest with the exclusive privilege of holding property; the two laymen are appointed by their clerical companions, and are changed, if necessary, every year; the people are carefully shut out from all influence in church matters; and the clerical caste, within its own denomination, is as despotic and dangerous as it was at Rome before the fall of the papal throne.

To deprive the Romish priesthood of all temporal power, to prohibit their clergy from enriching themselves at the cost of a superstitious and dependent laity, to reduce them from a ruling caste to a spiritual sphere of duty, all Europe has labored since the age of HILDEBRAND. Public policy demanded that property should never be left in the hands of the priesthood. The outcries of the bishops and the monks have been neglected, the papal excommunications have been hurled back with contempt, and Germany, Italy, and France have united upon the principle that a priestly caste should never be permitted to exist founded upon an unlimited possession of land or money. The cause of the swift reformation of Scotland lay in the fact that its priests and monks held one-half the richest lands of the kingdom. The origin of the French Revolution may be traced in part to the enormous wealth and the cruel exactions of the Romish clergy. Upon the pretext of charity they had drawn in the wealth of the nation, had wasted in luxury the moneys they had gathered for the poor, were exempted from taxation, and spread pauperism and ignorance through the fairest provinces of France. Nor has history a plainer lesson, written more legibly in the woes of nations and the revolutions of Europe, than that the Romish priesthood should never be suffered to hold lands or accumulate property as a religious caste.

Yet this lesson our Legislature wholly neglected. They introduced anew into a free State that dangerous system which Europe had thrown off amidst terrible convulsions. They violated the principles of republicanism to pacify a foreign sect; they endowed the Romish clergy with an immense property, and confirmed the despotic rule of the priesthood over its people; and the effect of this rash legislation may be readily traced in the rising political strength of the Romish faction among us. The law was enacted in 1863, that ominous year when New York fell into the hands of a Romish mob, when, for the first time in its history, the city was sacked and fired by insurgents, when night was made terrible by the glare of blazing buildings, and the day hideous by the spectacle of the corpses of innocent negroes hung upon lamp-posts or strewn upon the public streets. Such events can never be forgotten: they should be remembered by our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens with remorse and self-accusation, with a sincere resolve to act more patriotically in the future; they may instruct our legislators as to the propriety of leaving in the hands of so impulsive a body an exorbitant share of the city property, of fostering by special legislation the growth of so dangerous a faction. And that these scenes of violence were so nearly renewed in 1870 and 1871 must enforce the lesson.

The danger of this unprecedented law, this gross departure from the principles of equality and freedom, is increased by the fact that the Romish priesthood have formed themselves into a distinct political party. Not content with the humane toleration afforded them among us, they labor to control the elections, and rule by the disunion of their opponents. Of all religious sects they alone enter into the strife of parties as a united and well-organized body. They make no secret of their purpose. They propose to destroy the common schools, and to gain such an influence in the State as shall best serve to advance the interests of their Church. If they obey the papal syllabus they must labor to make their religion the religion of the State, to the exclusion of all others. But if the Romish denomination is to be looked upon as a political party, still more partial and unwise must appear the statute that gives them a unity and vigor unknown to any of their rivals. A modest, self-denying, and patriotic body of clergy, who were wholly devoted to their religious duties, might be heard at least with patience if they sought to control the property of their sect—would be denied the privilege with some courtesy, and possibly some regret. But to grant to the leaders of a religious faction, who have proved themselves by a long series of acts the enemies of the public peace, an unconstitutional favor that must add tenfold to their strength, is to lend aid to those who, in their blindness, may

THE REV. FATHER STACK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN F. NICE, WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA.]

destroy us and themselves. We do not doubt—we fear—the sincerity of many of the Romish clergy. They believe in every one of the utterances of the syllabus and the council. We know that to them the opinions of the pope are the supreme law. But is it not mere madness to place in the power of a class of political agitators, the servants of a foreign master, an enormous property, that may be used to the ruin of freedom, which has already been employed in subjecting the city of New York to a band of plunderers, which will aid in the assault on the public schools, and must be fatal to the freedom of all future elections? We may easily conceive with what indignation JEFFERSON, ADAMS, or JAY would have considered this enactment of our ecclesiastical law.

The Romish Church forms in the midst of our free institutions a solitary instance of a pure despotism. The clergy are so perfectly under the control of its bishops as to have no personal rights. They may be removed from place to place, rebuked, silenced, degraded, or sent for punishment to Rome without any power of appeal. They have no will but that of their superiors, no opinions but those authorized by their careful guardians. Above this inferior caste the bishops rule as the direct agents of the pope. They are selected at Rome, and are only amenable to the papal authority. Their power over the inferior clergy is apparently limitless; and it is plain, therefore, that the disposition of the whole property of the Church rests with the bishops. Never was a political faction so well organized. The pope governs the bishops with infallible rigor. If they offend him in New York, he can exile them to Oregon, or summon them to Rome. The bishops rule the clergy. The people are left out wholly in the scheme of government: they are expected only to obey. The serfs of a singular mental tyranny, they submit their property as well as their consciences to the exclusive control of the priests.

Whatever property is given, therefore, to the "Church" in New York, becomes a part of the patrimony of St. PETER. It is nominally held by the clergy; it is really in the control of the pope. He may require at any moment a share of its proceeds, a tithe, or the arrears of Peter's Pence; nor can bishops or priests venture to disobey him. He is despotic, and can drive them into exile, or banish them from their sect. In all Catholic countries, we believe, some provision is made to secure the native priests and bishops from the unlimited rule of the papacy. Some strong check is placed upon the disposition of ecclesiastical property. But here there is none. Our imprudent legislators have been more liberal than WILLIAM the Conqueror, or MATILDA, or CONSTANTINE. They have placed in the control of the agents of a foreign despot that fair estate which has been acquired by Romish votes in our cities, or won from the superstition of the people; and it is estimated that the possessions of the Romish Church in the State of New York already approach in value $50,000,000. The amount is known only to its priestly trustees. The rate of increase is extraordinary: it is swelling rapidly by public donations and pious frauds.

Among the latter must be numbered many of the recent gifts of the city of New York to the dominant Church. Donations extorted by votes are quite as illegal as if won by intimidation. The gifts of corrupt officials can not stand; and it may well be a proper subject of inquiry in our reformed Legislature what amount of property is held by the Romish clergy, how it was obtained, and what change is required by public policy in our present law. It seems scarcely proper to delay in so important a matter. It is safer to amend our errors now. We may learn from the story of Italy, France, or Spain the danger of suffering property to accumulate in the hands of a priesthood ruled by the pope.

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☞ *The Eight-page* SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains four very interesting illustrations:* "AT THE COUNTY FAIR—PIGS;" "HUNTING WILD TURKEYS—THE ATTACK;" "HUNTING WILD TURKEYS—THE RETREAT;" *and a view of* "SANDRINGHAM HALL," *the country residence of the Prince of Wales. The continuation of* "POOR MISS FINCH" *and that of* "LORD KILGOBBIN" *are also given, with much interesting miscellaneous reading matter.*

THE RENOMINATION.

THE Republicans who are opposed to the renomination of the President insist that as a certain indefinite number of the party would prefer another candidate, those who prefer the President should give way. There can, however, be little doubt, if we may judge by the ordinary methods of ascertaining the opinion of the party, that the great mass of Republicans desire the renomination; and it is not clear why they should renounce their preference because a few would select another candidate. If, indeed, there were any other candidate suggested, there would be more reason in demanding the renunciation. But the argument that, because some Republicans are opposed to GRANT, therefore any other candidate is stronger, is not a convincing argument. We have constantly heard it said that any one of a dozen gentlemen would be preferable to the President. But that there was any reason to suppose that, if GRANT were out of the question, the friends of all other candidates would unite upon any one of them, we have not yet seen proved, or even asserted.

There are, it is true, certain great newspapers of Republican sympathies which oppose the renomination. The New York *Tribune* is the first, and its position is the more significant because it has been always, in the usual sense, a strictly party paper. But the others of which we speak are free lances in politics. They are independent critics, and exercise the right in the press which WENDELL PHILLIPS illustrates upon the platform. Certainly we do not complain of this, nor doubt that the true duty of the press is to assuage rather than to imbitter the spirit of party. But as the government is carried on by party organizations, the counsel of those who are professedly independent of such organizations must be carefully weighed. The force of the *Tribune's* position as a party critic is very much lost by its warm advocacy of one of the sides in the unfortunate Republican division in New York, which springs from patronage. It regards the President only as a friend of Senator CONKLING, whose policy in the State it opposes, and whose influence it believes to be malign, so that a constant reader of the paper would conclude that it was more interested in the defeat of the President's renomination than in the ascendency of Republican principles in the government.

The country, in the mean time, is tranquil and prosperous, and the general policy of the Administration shows a constant and faithful endeavor to maintain the principles which brought the party into power, and to secure the welfare of all the people. In what way another Administration of the party would more truly or efficiently promote that welfare has not been stated. It does not follow, indeed, that the same Administration should be continued if it is not the free choice of the majority. But if patronage be so strong that it can defeat the popular will, is it nothing that the President has virtually renounced patronage? In his inaugural address he said that he should have no policy opposed to that of the people, and in his first and each subsequent message he has urged upon Congress a reform of the whole method of appointment.

If it be said that this is no reply to the statement that the service has been more prostituted under President GRANT than ever before, the sufficient rejoinder is a direct denial. It is true that what may be called the political system of the New York Custom-house, for which we have no excuse or apology, has been more publicly exposed than ever before; but it is not true that the system is worse under GRANT than under his predecessors, which, indeed, was hardly possible. And the public exposure is due not to the fact of the greater abuse, but to the fierce party feud which has led the two wings to a warfare upon each other. The origin of this feud, if it be due to patronage, as is alleged and believed, is not in itself discreditable to the Administration, however unfortunate it may have been to the party in New York. We denounce corruption of any kind, in the New York Custom-house or any where else. But we deny that the evils of a system which all parties have supported and which all Administrations have recognized are justly chargeable to the Administration which is making the first earnest effort ever made to correct the system itself.

It will seem strange to those Republicans who think the Administration peculiarly corrupt that it should be sustained because of the profound popular faith in its honesty; and yet that is its strength, and it is that conviction which will renominate the President. Politicians privately sneer at the people, and believe that they manage the people. But they are managed by them. When the politicians declare for a candidate, it is because they believe that he will succeed, and that faith is founded upon their knowledge of the popular feeling. This feeling renominated Mr. LINCOLN in 1864, although many politicians and many newspapers were opposed, and thought that we should "drift" to destruction. It is sometimes said that Mr. LINCOLN was renominated and re-elected because it was not thought wise to change front before the enemy. But the reason was much deeper. It was not one of expediency, but of principle. The mass of the loyal people of this country had confidence in Mr. LINCOLN. They believed him to be an honest, simple man, one of themselves, and sincerely devoted to the sacred cause which they held dear. It is the same feeling, the same faith in the honest, sturdy purpose of the President, who is as simple in the cabinet as he was modest in the field, which makes him the candidate of the mass of the Republican party.

OUR RELATIONS WITH RUSSIA.

THERE is an essential barbarism in the eagerness with which every little misunderstanding with foreign powers is magnified into a grave difference, and there is nothing more unmanly and contemptible than the bluster about war which immediately follows. Swashbuckler patriotism is very cheap. The spirit which fiercely asks a neighbor, "Do you bite your thumb at me?" is ludicrous, and the assertion that a policy of peace is pusillanimity usually proceeds from cowards and bullies. A peppery man, always suspecting offense, always believing himself to be insulted, always jealous lest his neighbors should try to take an advantage of him, always painfully anxious about what is thought of him, is a very absurd man; and a nation of the same kind is not less absurd. International law is an attempt to bring nations under the common sway of noble and not ignoble sentiments, and to substitute good faith and honorable confidence for that jealousy with sinister eye which is supposed to be the natural state of nations.

Our foreign relations are at this moment pacific with all the world, but there is a hope in some ardent breasts that there may be difficulty with Russia and with Spain. The Russian trouble is supposed to spring from the request of the United States that Mr. CATACAZY, the late Russian minister here, should be recalled. Mr. CATACAZY is by birth a Greek, and has been long employed by the Russian foreign-office. He was a diplomatic pupil, and a confidential clerk and favorite, of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, the Russian foreign minister. He has held an official position in Brazil, whence he came to Washington some years ago as an attaché of the Russian legation, when Mr. BODISCO was minister. He returned to Europe, and, we believe, at the request of the foreign-office, wrote a memoir upon the war in this country, in which he expressed the opinion that the government would suppress the rebellion and maintain the Union. This was contrary to the view of Mr. STOECKL, then Russian minister here, and when Mr. CATACAZY'S opinion was justified by the event, it was very natural that he should have replaced Mr. STOECKL as minister.

But our Government presently found that Mr. CATACAZY was making use of methods to secure what he believed to be the wishes of his Government which are not allowed to diplomatic agents nor tolerated among gentlemen. There is no question, for instance, that he endeavored in such ways to perplex the negotiations with England which ended in the Treaty of Washington; and when our Government was fully satisfied of the facts, it instructed its minister in Russia to state that it was dissatisfied with Mr. CATACAZY, as a representative of Russia, and to request that he be recalled. In making such a request, which is, of course, at the discretion of every Government, very much must depend upon the manner in which the minister fulfills his instructions. Very great tact, delicacy, and firmness are indispensable. The request is proper, but it may be made offensively. The Russian Government, however, acceded to the request, asking only that its minister might remain until the Grand Duke had made his visit. Our Government acquiesced; but after it had done so, the offenses of Mr. CATACAZY were renewed. It was then, as we understand, determined to avoid all wrong interpretation of the facts by Russia, by postponing action until the President had received the Grand Duke, and informing Russia that it would then be expected that the minister should be recalled. Had Russia declined, his passports would have been sent to Mr. CATACAZY.

It is now stated that Prince GORTSCHAKOFF declares his dissatisfaction with the tone of the communications upon the subject from our Government. Yet as we clearly had the right of making the demand, if the manner has been unfortunate, the remedy is very obvious. It is not, however, to be denied that this sensitiveness as to the recall suggests that the action of Mr. CATACAZY may have been inspired by his Government. But whatever the truth as to this suggestion may be, there is no war in the situation, and no call whatever to balance chips upon our shoulder and ask somebody to knock them off. It may be that Mr. CURTIN did not perform this particular duty with the desirable delicacy. It may be that the tone of the correspondence upon our part was less courtly than diplomatic usage demands. Should these possibilities prove to be facts, they can be satisfactorily explained to the Russian Government, and the Prince ALEXIS may continue to hunt the American buffalo at his leisure.

"Above all things, no zeal," said the old diplomatist to his agent, and it is counsel which we may wisely adopt in our own case. Let us have no hot haste to misconceive events. Nobody wishes war with Russia because of Mr. CATACAZY. Russia has withdrawn the offending minister at our request; and if she is offended by the tone of our request, we can withdraw the offensive tone. What is called the alliance with Russia can never, in the nature of things, be very intimate, but it may certainly be courteous. But even better than any particular alliance is a general disposition of amity with all the world.

PATRONAGE.

MR. GORHAM, of California, a member of the National Republican Committee, introduced two resolutions at the recent meeting of that committee in regard to the civil service. The first of them declared that to exclude any citizen from office because he had not received a collegiate or academic education would be a violation of the rights of the majority of the American people; and the second affirmed that to the victor belong the spoils, and that the Republican candidate must be virtually pledged to that doctrine. The mover subsequently withdrew the resolutions, although he said that they expressed the opinions of the committee. Senator CARPENTER also, in his resolutions and speech in the Senate, declared the action of the President to be unconstitutional, and denounced the idea of submitting the fitness of applicants for office to the opinion of a board of school-masters.

Mr. GORHAM does not say, but he undoubtedly means to convey the impression, that the regulations adopted by the President require collegiate or academical education as the condition of holding office. But if he had taken the trouble to look at them, he would have seen that, as they stand, all that is required is ability to speak, read, and write the English language. Something more may, indeed, be added by the advisory board. It may be required that nobody shall be appointed a messenger or custom-house watchman who can not calculate an eclipse correctly, and frame a sound theory of Greek particles; but until something of that kind is done Mr. GORHAM'S resolution is only a sneer at education, for which there is no ground whatever in the President's rules. But as to the substance of this kind of objection—namely, that proficiency in decimal fractions does not and can not prove a man to have the necessary business faculty, discretion, special tact and skill, and administrative ability which are required in many offices of the government—neither Mr. GORHAM nor Senator CARPENTER can state it more emphatically than the report of the commission to the President.

"If," says that report, "by examination for admission to the civil service nothing were understood but a test of mere literary proficiency, it might be reasonably opposed as unsatisfactory. For it is unquestionable that a man might be an excellent appraiser of linen, and yet know nothing of history or of accounts. But, on the other hand, it is equally undeniable that an excellent appraiser of linen is not the less excellent because of general intelligence. Of two good accountants the one who has the most general knowledge is certainly preferable; and a country which declares that, where technical skill is equal, it will select the candidate for its service who is the better educated, is a country which directly and practically encourages intelligence and morality. It is true that very distinguished men in the public service might not have passed a certain literary examination which is now required of younger men entering the same service. But it is equally true that the older men could have passed the examination had it in their case been required. And the proof is the capacity of which their present distinction is the evidence."

With great deference to Mr. GORHAM and Senator CARPENTER, we are inclined to think that this is a better plank for the Republican platform than a sneer at education or a shout that to the victor belong the spoils. Both of these gentlemen would probably concede that special fitness or aptitude are indispensable to certain offices. But those qualifications must be ascertained. And what are the investigations and examinations mentioned in the President's rules but the methods of ascertaining? The present practice, as those gentlemen are aware, is to depend upon the word of a member of the legislative branch of the government from which the Constitution withholds the appointing power. Two things ensue: appointments are often made without the slightest regard to fitness; and the legislature invades the constitutional rights of the Executive, necessarily corrupting the government and impairing its administration. The alternative is very simple. The Executive can not personally know applicants, and must, therefore, depend upon the most disinterested evidence it can obtain; and it is for the Executive to judge whether more trusty information will probably be derived from those who, although fallible, have no special interest and no counteracting power in the matter, or from those who are equally fallible, and who have both a special interest, which is not necessarily that of the public welfare, and who have a power to coerce the decision through their votes.

Meanwhile the investigations have direct reference to experience, special aptitude, general ability, and moral character. For a large class of public offices moral character rather than mental ability is the particular requirement, and this is the point upon which, in such cases, the stress of the investigation would fall. It will not exclude any body's friend, but it will require that every body's friend must show by ample and satisfactory evidence that he has the qualities sought; and, that there may be every practicable assurance, the final appointment depends upon a trial of six months. A favorite sneer at this system of ascertaining fitness or intelligence is that the service will be filled by school-boys and broken-down clergymen. But if upon a trial of six months it appears that the broken-down clergyman is the very officer wanted, is there any objection left? All that could be then said probably is that his practice is better than his preaching.

It may be encouraging to the more timid friends of the reform to know that some of the most practically efficient superior officers in the civil service, whose duties bring them most in contact with large classes of men every where in the country, and whose experience is invaluable, are heartily in sympathy with the purpose of the President, and have the utmost confidence in the general principles of reform which he has announced. Reflection and experience will undoubtedly suggest wise modifications in the plan. But if the friends of the reform who have long been demanding that something should be done refuse their sympathy and co-operation to the effort now making, they will throw away an opportunity which can hardly return in a generation. And they must bear much of the responsibility of defeat.

THE RIGHT OF VISIT AND OF SEARCH.

THOSE who hope that something will occur which will exasperate the United States to recognize the belligerence or the independence of Cuba thought that possibly they had found it in the case of the *Florida*. But that incident raises the question which has never been conclusively settled, and which was the subject of celebrated dispatches both by Mr. WEBSTER and Lord Aberdeen—the question of the right of visit and the right of search. It is evident that the flag of every nation may be abused upon the high seas. A pirate ship, the enemy of the human race, may fly any flag which it thinks will best promote and protect its deadly purpose. If our flag, or, as Lord Palmerston said, in speaking of this possibility, if a bit of striped bunting, is to certify that the craft below it is a genuine American vessel pursuing an honorable voyage, what defense have we against the misuse of our flag to the destruction of our own citizens upon the ocean?

The object of international law being the security of harmony among nations, a certain police of the seas becomes indispensable to prevent the misuse of which we speak—that is, the forgery of the flag. For this purpose what method so natural as that the navy of every great state should have discretionary power, under suspicious circumstances, to ascertain whether the flag is legitimately borne? How, for instance, it used to be asked, could the African slave-trade be really hindered if the flag of the United States was to be respected as sufficient evidence of the lawful voyage of the vessel? Or if Spain is engaged in hostilities within one of her island colonies, and a vessel bearing the United States flag is seen suspiciously hovering off and on the coast, may not the Spanish ship of war ascertain whether the vessel be a lawful trader pursuing a legitimate voyage? If the question be affirmatively answered, the right of visit will be conceded. It consists of a summons to the suspected vessel, a courteous request to see the ship's papers, followed, if every thing is found regular, by an honorable expression of regret for the delay, as something in which every maritime nation is equally interested.

This was the substance of Lord Aberdeen's doctrine. But Mr. WEBSTER substantially held that such a visit, if found to be without reason, must be regarded as a trespass, to be atoned for by apology and damages. The reason of such a view evidently is that such power will too probably be abused, and that nations with great navies, instead of the police, will become the bullies of the sea. Yet there are eminent American names, authoritative in international law, which are ranged upon the side of the English theory, although the right of visit can not yet be considered a settled point of international law, which is only the mutually recognized custom of nations. There is no reason, however, to apprehend any trouble from the case of the *Florida*, because there is no doubt of the willingness of Spain to receive our representations in a friendly spirit.

CITY REFORM.

THE Committee of Seventy has received from its sub-committee a sketch of a scheme of civil service reform for the city which contains the chief elements of a sound system: a carefully selected board of examiners, competitive examination, probation, and promotion. It also provides for suspension and removal for cause. The details of the plan are these: a board of five examiners, two of whom are men in active life, and three are selected from the colleges in the city, are to be appointed by the Mayor. The board will examine and certify to the appointing power the five best names; the appointment will be made from the five, but only when the candidate is a legal voter, is familiar with the English language, has never been convicted of crime, is living a reputable life, and is mentally and physically capable for the special duties of his office. Every applicant for examination must present recommendations from not less than three responsible citizens, based upon the conditions mentioned, and he must pay a fee of five dollars before examination. The probation will last for six months, and if the examiners are then satisfied, they will issue a certificate, and the appointment will be confirmed. A majority of the board of examiners and of the appointing body may suspend or remove for cause. There will be proper publicity given to the names of applicants and probationers, so that objection can be made by responsible persons. Present incumbents, who are found to be qualified, may be retained, and higher vacancies are to be filled from those already in the service who are fitted.

The general principles of this scheme are, as we have already said, sound, and as the scheme would have the same authority as the appointing powers which it controls, there would be no constitutional difficulty. Its efficiency would depend upon the details of method devised for putting it into execution. And as one chief difficulty is apprehended from the great number of applicants—and what that is any body knows who is familiar with the corridors of all public offices at the beginning of a new administration—we would suggest that no application be first made in person, but in the writing of the applicant, briefly stating what his general course of life and occupation have been, and naming his responsible references as to personal character. This would be a sieve which would at the very outset throw off much worthless material. If the duties of the office sought were mainly clerical, the application itself would be evidence of the handwriting and spelling and neatness of the applicant. If these were evidently inadequate, he would drop at once. If they were not, his references could be at once consulted—references, of course, which could not be men of straw. If all such details were satisfactory, he would receive notice to attend the further examination and investigation.

The examinations for municipal positions might be held at stated times, and vacancies could be filled from those who held certificates of competence. And such certificates, granted by an honorable board, such as the plan contemplates, would be of the greatest service to persons seeking positions elsewhere pending a summons to the city service. The fear that mere literary proficiency would determine how all the offices should be filled we have considered elsewhere in these columns. Like every reform movement of the kind undertaken when the public mind is inclined to believe that every suggestion is a panacea, there must be great intelligence and discretion in the arrangement of methods and details, and no expectation whatever that methods merely can secure good administration. That must always depend upon honest and efficient agents. But the just complaint of our present municipal system is that no sincere effort is made to secure either honesty or efficiency. The plan contemplated is a proposition to make that effort, and, whatever form it may take, there can be no question that it contains the true principles. Meanwhile what we may have to say from time to time upon the general subject will be as applicable to the municipal as to the national government.

PERSONAL.

IN JULES FAVRE's new book, giving the history of the Government of National Defense, occurs the following sketch of Count BISMARCK, which, coming from a man who could have no possible predilection in his favor, is the more entitled to respect: "Count BISMARCK seemed to be full of vigor; his tall figure, his powerful head, and strongly marked features impressed one with a sense of strength; at the same time his manners were stamped with simplicity and geniality. His bearing was grave and courteous, entirely free from affectation or roughness. From the commencement of our intercourse his manner was friendly and communicative, and this tone he maintained throughout. Doubtless he considered me, as a diplomatist, entirely unworthy of him; but he had the politeness to endeavor to hide this feeling, and was apparently touched by my sincerity. As for me, I was at once struck by the clearness of his ideas, by his good sense, and by the originality of his mind. His freedom from all pretentiousness was no less remarkable. As a man of business, I found him perfect, recognizing facts as they exist, interested only in practical and positive solutions, indifferent to every thing that did not lead to some useful result. The immense power which he has wielded has made him neither haughty nor vain; but he holds that power firmly, and he cares not to hide the sacrifices which he has made to retain it. Nervous and impressionable, he is not always able to suppress his impetuosity. I had heard much of his extreme cleverness, but he never deceived me, although he often wounded me. While repelled by his persistency and hardness, in great things as well as small, I ever found him exact and punctilious."

—Miss ROSE HAWTHORNE, youngest daughter of the novelist, has changed her local habitation and her name by becoming a wife, and is now a ROSE without a HAWTHORNE.

—One of the most agreeable and at the same time instructive lecturers of the season is Dr. I. I. HAYES. Like PAUL DU CHAILLU, the doctor follows no beaten track, but strikes out boldly into the most mysterious regions of the world—the immense Land of Desolation which girds the northern pole; and his lecture describing what he has seen and suffered there in his extended explorations is one of the most fascinating and romantic narratives of travel and discovery that ever chained the attention of an audience. Apropos of the lecture, it may interest our readers to learn that the HARPERS are about to publish a new book by Dr. HAYES, under the attractive title of "The Land of Desolation." It has already appeared in London, by arrangement with an English publisher, and has there met with a very favorable reception. The London *Examiner* says of it: "It has seldom been our lot to come across a more pleasantly written or unaffected volume of travels than is 'The Land of Desolation.'....Instead of being spun out, it is so cleverly condensed that it can be read from beginning to end in a single winter's evening or a single summer's afternoon, and so pleasantly condensed that it can be read without fatigue. The sketches with which it abounds are bold and characteristic. It is from every point of view as thoroughly good and pleasant a book of its kind as we yet remember to have read."

—Among the prominent men recently deceased in Boston is Mr. ISAAC RICH, for many years a successful merchant in that city, where he accumulated a fortune. It was not, however, by the mere possession of wealth that he was distinguished. He was a munificent giver to the public institutions of Boston and New England, especially those connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his memory and influence will long be perpetuated by the liberality and wisdom of his charities.

—Don MICHAEL ANGELO CAETONI, the blind Duke of Sermonte, has committed to memory and can repeat DANTE's works from beginning to end, and lectures on them to a select circle in Rome.

—Mr. M'CREERY, just elected United States Senator from Kentucky, is said to be not on good terms with his colleague, Senator STEVENSON. Probably that will work itself right. Three years ago, in Maine, Mr. HAMLIN was elected to the Senate over Mr. MORRILL, after a bitter contest. Last year Mr. HAMLIN helped to elect Mr. MORRILL to fill the next vacant seat. The Senators from this State are known to be on what Mr. Toodles described as "terms of respectful tenderness" with each other. So, too, are the Senators from Rhode Island and several other States. Yet the country goes on.

—Governor WARMOTH, of Louisiana, is one of the boldest and most precocious political men of the South, being only twenty-eight years of age. He is about six feet three inches high, slender, and fine-looking. Born in Louisiana, he went into politics at eighteen, being then a fluent stump speaker. He is an arrogant, keen-witted, successful man, worth half a million, a fifth of which he has made in New Orleans as a lawyer. He spends a short time in every case of difficulty to effect a compromise; that failing, he resolves into an enemy, and is unpacificable. Glutted with power at an age when men generally are poring over their books or learning some vocation, this extraordinary specimen of American opportunities has already had an epic career, and has scarcely entered upon his future.

—Hon. WILLIAM B. ALLISON, just elected United States Senator from Iowa, is forty-three years of age. Most of his boyhood was spent on a farm. He was educated chiefly at Alleghany College, Pennsylvania, and at the Western Reserve College, Ohio. In 1857 he removed to Iowa, and commenced the practice of the law. In 1862 he was elected to Congress, and re-elected to the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses. He is said to be an abler man than Mr. HARLAN, whom he succeeds, and very independent in expressing his opinions.

—Mr. J. J. RYAN, well known in this country as a journalist of great tact and ability, is now the editor of the *American Register*, a handsome weekly newspaper published in London and Paris. It gives a complete register of Americans traveling in Europe, and a copious presentation of American news, which must make it very acceptable to tourists from this country.

—Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY, in a recent letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, says some kind things about the Prince of Wales, whom he happened to meet, just before his illness, at the Cosmopolitan Club. Mr. C. says: "He is not remarkable for profundity, but his conversation is that of an educated man, with some humor. What struck me most was his entire openness, and the entire absence of affectation. He was surrounded by a score of young men, most of them literary characters, and, so far from his manner showing any arrogance or demanding any recognition of his rank, he seemed to me to be conscious of it only as a bore, a thing he would like to fling off, and mix in with the others on equal terms. When he rose to go, and the gentlemen in the club stood up—a usual form in the presence of royalty—the Prince showed some honest confusion, bowed to those present with deference, and left the room modestly and quickly. The impression he left on my mind was that there is much more good in him than is popularly supposed—more good nature and good sense. It is just possible that his entire frankness and openness have caused him to be lampooned when secret fellows get the reputation of blamelessness. The public generally believes that he was guilty of licentious conduct in the MORDAUNT case. I have it from an intimate of the Queen's family that when his name appeared in that case the Prince immediately visited the Queen, and entering into her presence, said, 'I have come, my Queen and mother, to say that I am entirely innocent of any misconduct in the matter with which my name is connected.' I asked my informant, 'Did the Queen believe him?' 'Believe him!' was the reply; 'the Queen knows the Prince too well to believe he would come to her with a lie in his mouth.' There have been many statements to the effect that the Prince is a drunkard. It is quite untrue. The Prince smokes more than the anti-tobacconists would recommend, but there is no trace in his face or eye of excessive drinking."

—Among other characteristics of the late Lord Ellenborough, it was said that his voice was the finest in either House of Parliament. His figure was manly, and his features were as handsome as became his parentage. His mother was so beautiful that a legend has come down about her to the effect that whenever she came out to water the plants on her balcony a crowd immediately formed in the street below.

—The precise manner in which Bishop-General POLK was killed has not, until recently, been accurately given to the public. It now comes to light in an article in the *Westminster Review*, contributed by an ex-Confederate officer. "While the Confederate forces were in front of Kenesaw, JOHNSTON, with a group of officers, among them POLK, was making a reconnoissance of the Federal lines from the summit of the Pike Mountains—a lofty solitary mount which jutted out from the range, and formed the apex of an acute angle, on which our line was arranged. The situation was a very hazardous one, being commanded, or rather reached, by guns from any portion of the Federal lines. The unusual assemblage in such a conspicuous place soon attracted the vigilant enemy. A battery in front immediately fired one shot, which we afterward found out was but the prelude to one of the most fearful shellings I ever witnessed. The group was standing between young BEAUREGARD's battery and the fifth company of Washington Artillery, JOHNSTON being on the works looking through a field-glass. The first shot could not have missed him two feet; but the only attention he paid to it was to turn his glasses to the battery that fired it. POLK had, in the mean time, separated from the group, and was walking thoughtfully away, with his left side to the enemy, his head down, and his hands clasped behind him. The second shell fired at the crowd struck him in the arm, and passed through the body, tearing out his heart, and then crushing his right arm above the elbow. He dropped on one knee, wavered, then fell on one side—dead. I had hardly turned my back when I heard the murmur of horror run through the line, 'General POLK is killed!' JOHNSTON said not a word, but ran to him and lifted him in his arms. HARDEE uttered a cry, and also rushed forward. He was past all human help. The members of his staff tenderly lifted and bore him from the field."

BY an accidental transposition of titles in the last number of the *Weekly* the portrait of Mr. DANIEL H. WELLS appears as that of Mr. GEORGE A. SMITH, and that of Mr. SMITH as that of Mr. WELLS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AN amnesty bill was offered in the House of Representatives, January 15, by which all the disabilities imposed by the third section of the Fourteenth Amendment are removed. The House refused to suspend the rules to receive it, by a vote of 131 yeas to 70 nays, a two-thirds majority being required. On January 17 the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Appropriation bill was reported to the House by the Committee on Appropriations. It appropriates about $17,000,000 for the next fiscal year, or $2,000,000 less than the estimates, and $2,500,000 less than the amount heretofore appropriated for the present fiscal year.

A very important bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature, with the full concurrence of some of our most eminent judges, to meet the evil so long recognized in the selection of juries—the power of challenge given against those who had formed an opinion on the case. The new bill qualifies all jurors who believe they are capable of deciding according to the evidence.

Another important resolution has been offered and adopted in the Legislature, touching the validity of the charter of the Tammany Society. It requires the club to report within ten days a copy of its constitution and by-laws, names of living members, times of their election, names of officers for the last four years, annual income and resources thereof, the amount of money expended during that time, and for what objects, and specifying the amount paid to indigent and destitute persons. The Citizen's Association was included in the resolution.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN reply to a deputation of Catholics, Count Andrassy, the Austrian Prime Minister, said recently that the Pope is under no constraint, that Austria and Italy are very good friends, and that he knew of no Catholic power which would be justified in offering the Holy Father an asylum. The Pope is suffering from a severe cold, and has been confined to his bed one day.

Baron von Offenberg, political agent and consul-general of Russia at Bucharest, is to succeed Mr. Catacazy as Russian minister at Washington.

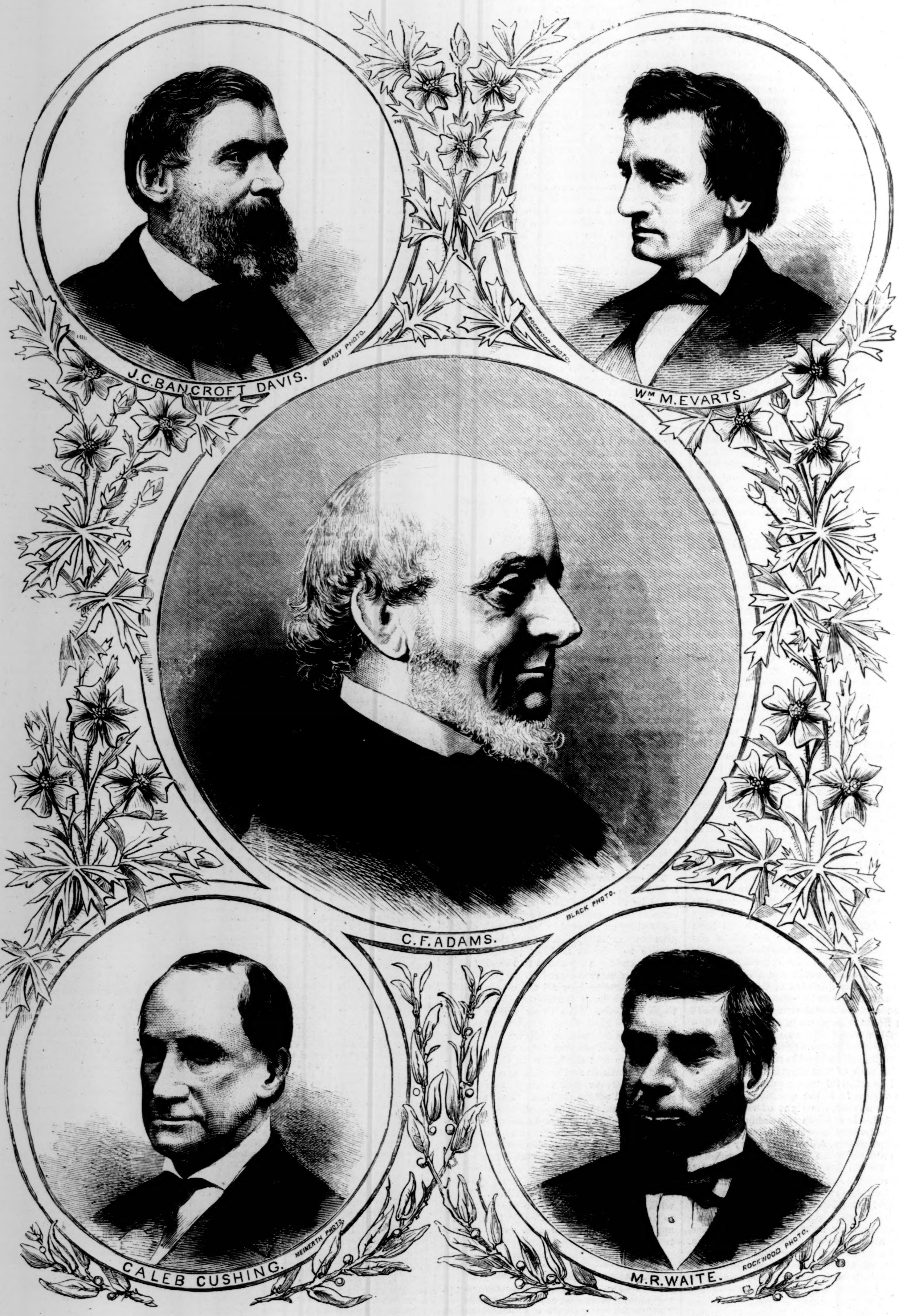
Von Moltke denies that he ever expressed his disapproval, in a military sense, of the famous march to the sea made by General Sherman during the civil war.

Ninety thousand emigrants left Germany last year, chiefly for the United States.

President Thiers has made another exhibition of his almost childish petulance. The Assembly, having rejected one of his cabinet measures, he sent in his resignation as President, and was induced to withdraw it only by the urgency of the whole legislative body.

The French Minister of the Interior has forbidden the public sale of the *Gaulois* and the *Constitution* newspapers, for the expression of opinions unpleasing to President Thiers. Very like despotism.

Mr. Gladstone has been guilty of a great piece of silliness in having the dramatic censor suppress every uncomplimentary allusion to himself in the Christmas pantomimes. Perhaps he would like to suppress *Punch* with its stinging caricatures.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THE GENEVA CONFERENCE—THE AMERICAN ARBITRATOR AND COUNSEL.—[See Page 107.]

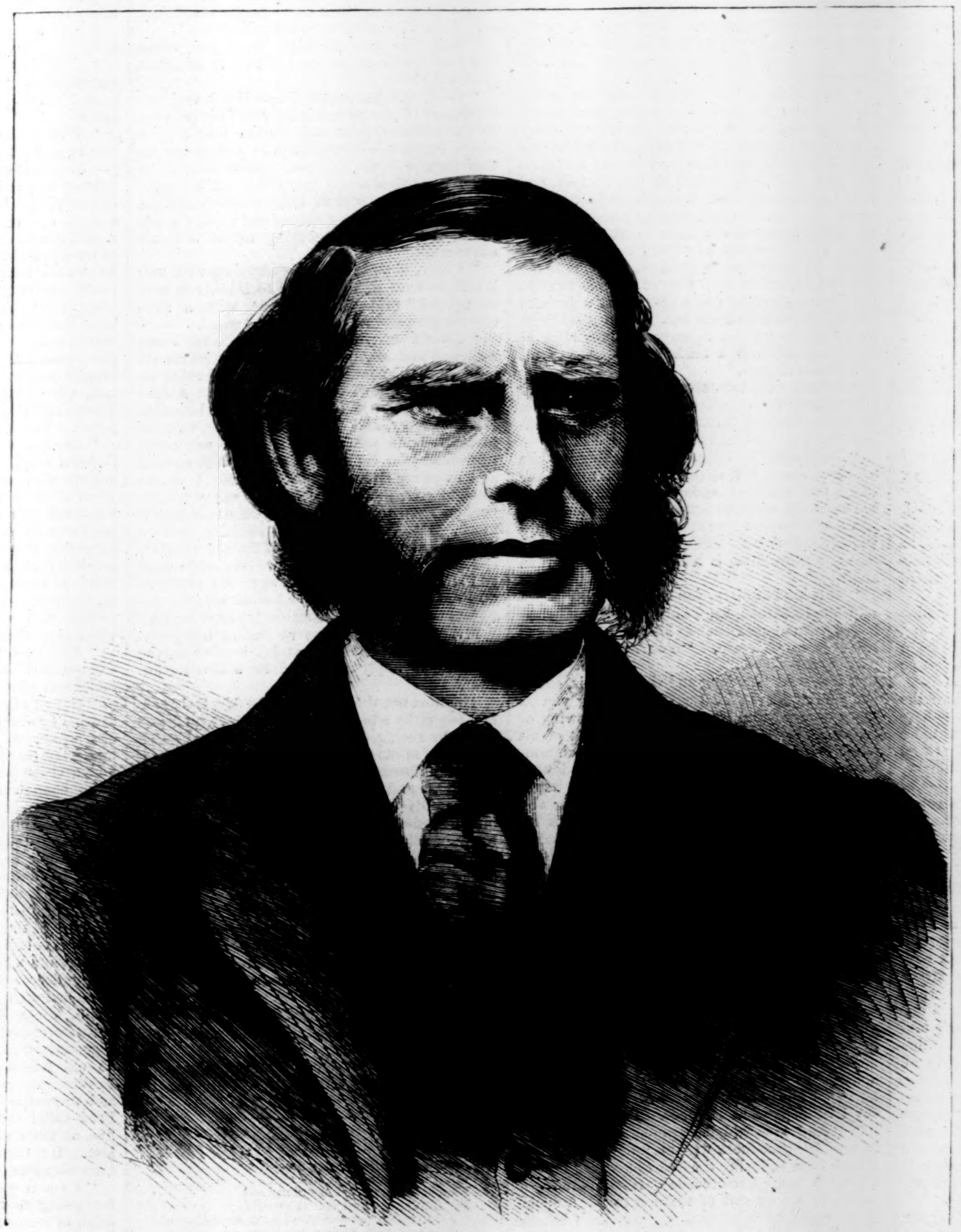
THE REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

We print on this page a portrait of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, the pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, whose written and spoken words come before more people in the United States and Europe than those of any other American minister, with possibly one exception, of the present generation. The reverend gentleman is in the prime of life and intellect, having just accomplished his thirty-eighth year. The youngest of many children, of whom three preceded him in the Christian ministry, Mr. Talmage was born in Somerset County, New Jersey, in 1834, and is an alumnus of New York University and of New Brunswick Theological Seminary. His most notable experience as a preacher has been in Philadelphia and Brooklyn; but his entrance upon pastoral work was at Belleville, New Jersey, whence he removed to Syracuse, in this State, leaving that charming city to labor with great zeal and success, for seven years, in the Pennsylvania metropolis. During his residence in Philadelphia he constantly drew the largest audiences in that city, and impressed the church life of that place with an energy and democracy of manifestation that was an earnest of the larger opportunities awaiting him in Brooklyn.

In the latter place the career of this clergyman has been among the most remarkable of all the remarkable results that wait on ministerial labor in the City of Churches. The narration of a few simple facts will assist to sustain such an assertion. The society known now as the Presbyterian Free Tabernacle was, a trifle over two years ago, denominated the "Central Presbyterian Church." At that period it was without a pastor, and its voting membership had, from causes of various sort, dwindled to nineteen in all. These nineteen presented a unanimous and cordial call to Mr. Talmage, who was also at the same time called to Chicago and San Francisco. He was constrained to accept the Brooklyn summons, because there were no pews owned in fee in that church—a fact that he foresaw would admit of its translation into a free church, a system he believes to be the only true one. During the fifteen months he preached in the original edifice of the church, every Sabbath beheld it thronged, it is strictly true to say, to the curbs and porches on the opposite side of the street. The ordinary course would have been to relieve and enrich the society by assessing the pews at the unprecedented rates offered for them, or to build an imposing church, and secure it beyond the possibility of embarrassment by the exaction of the usual rental or sale of seats. Instead of this, Mr. Talmage fused all the purposes of his people into one resolution—the building of an immense free church, wherein the seats should be assigned to heads of families in the order of their application, so as to retain the home feeling therein, the entire expenses thereof to be met by voluntary contributions. The result was the erection of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, with an original seating capacity of 3500, which an enlargement last summer increased to 4100. For this building the grand Boston Coliseum organ was opportunely secured, it being the only instrument of the kind then in this country adequate to the leading of the many thousand worshipers regularly assembling within the Tabernacle. The building was dedicated in September, 1870, and rededicated a year later, after enlargement. In sitting, acoustic, warming, ventilating, and seeing properties, the church, all one floor, is esteemed perfect. It has since its very recent erection proved the pioneer of very many similar, though necessarily smaller, edifices throughout the States; and upon the occasion of its enlargement last September every dollar of floating debt against it was immediately "lifted." The hazardous innovation which the free-church principle made upon Presbyterian usages has proved triumphantly successful. The income of the Tabernacle exceeds its expenses for all purposes by a considerable amount, and the contributions of the society toward church and contemporary charities are as exceptionally liberal as its method of furnishing the masses with a free religious home. The experiment of accommodating all who desire to hear Mr. Talmage has been unsuccessful, even since the erection of his present church. As many are crowded away as can find room, but it is rightly thought that the line has to be drawn somewhere, and that the limits of the existing building are sufficient for as many thousands as can be properly subjected to the pastoral care of a single preacher.

The qualities of mind and the habits of thought and oratory which would be superficially associated with the evidence of such popularity are not such as our subject possesses. He is in no wise sensational, special, or latitudinarian in matter or manner. He preaches the most old-fashioned and literal Gospel constantly, and he presents it with a simplicity and thoroughness that withhold nothing, and conserve no prejudice, interest, or ism of the time. His words are Saxon in greater degree than can be stated of any other American minister. His characteristics not already noted can be generally mentioned as earnestness, directness, incisiveness, love of nature and human nature, descriptive powers of the highest order, an unquestioning confidence in his intuitions, and a confidential relationship between his own heart and the great heart of humanity. He is steeped to the core of his being with the essence and aroma of Bible times and characters. The qualities of his imagination are very intense. He projects them upon his subjects with an affluence which causes them to live, move, and have their being again before the hearer; yet his imagination is always under the rein of reverence and propriety. In every sermon picturesque description, closely clinched argument, soul-compelling appeal, most original illustration, a wholly intrepid acceptance and review of the theme in all its bearings, citations of experience that are a part of the very life of mankind, pathetic touches that sweep the chords of the heart, and a grand correlation of magnitudes in fact, doctrine, aspiration, and history, succeed one another with the unity of an epic, the rapidity of thought, and the natural gracefulness of a panoramic transit. He studies intensely, and reduces his sermons to a test of preparation, excision, simplification, and examination which none of the masses to whom he extemporaneously delivers them would imagine. His oratory is the acme of naturalness. He acts in the most vital sense, feeling his subject in all its relations, and conscripting eyes, voice, and entire form in the aid of the appeals and truths he images and enforces. Unlike most persons of equal ardor of temperament, his reasoning and logical powers are of a severely exact and precise character. Indeed, a man of more *uniform* endowment, uniting the not often related elements of genius, application, continuous study, capacity for demonstration, great literary and extemporary power as well, and subordinating every quality of mind, heart, and life to the simplest preaching of the simplest Gospel, would be difficult to find.

The discourses of Mr. Talmage stand the test of printing and reading with a success the productions of few men are capable of. His reported sermons are English gems. The discourse, as a whole, reads and rounds completely, and passages shine out in brilliancy and beauty as the stars in the sky, with an intrinsic and exquisite splendor which reflects a world of light on the worlds of light around them. So ingrafted have these sermons become on the literature of the church that they are now printed simultaneously in Europe and America. The *Methodist*, of New York city, publishes his sermons regularly every week, as do also the *Christian Age* and the *Christian World*, of London, England. The *Interior*, of Chicago, also prints his Friday evening lectures every week. The gentleman was averse to this course at first. He yielded only on the demand of his congregation, who had proceeded to secure the printing of his sermons in pamphlet form. Not only have his pulpit utterances been thus spread broadcast, with two continents for a congregation, but the book-publishing houses have perceived the unprecedented demand of the people for them to be put in enduring form. Many firms have labored to secure the right to issue them, but that opportunity has fallen to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, who will ere long present to the American people a volume of the pulpit discourses of the gentleman whom we have introduced to our readers.



THE REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.—[Photographed by Brady.]

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

Book II.

OLD AND YOUNG.

CHAPTER XIII.

1st Gent. How class your man?—as better than the most,
Or, seeming better, worse beneath that cloak?
As saint or knave, pilgrim or hypocrite?
2d Gent. Nay, tell me how you class your wealth of books,
The drifted relics of all time. As well
Sort them at once by size and livery:
Vellum, tall copies, and the common calf
Will hardly cover more diversity
Than all your labels cunningly devised
To class your unread authors.

In consequence of what he had heard from Fred, Mr. Vincy determined to speak with Mr. Bulstrode in his private room at the bank at half past one, when he was usually free from other callers. But a visitor had come in at one o'clock, and Mr. Bulstrode had so much to say to him that there was little chance of the interview being over in half an hour. The banker's speech was fluent, but it was also copious, and he used up an appreciable amount of time in brief meditative pauses. Do not imagine his sickly aspect to have been of the yellow, black-haired sort: he had a pale blonde skin, thin gray-besprinkled brown hair, light gray eyes, and a large forehead. Loud men called his subdued tone an under-tone, and sometimes implied that it was inconsistent with openness; though there seems to be no reason why a loud man should not be given to concealment of any thing except his own voice, unless it can be shown that Holy Writ has placed the seat of candor in the lungs. Mr. Bulstrode had also a deferential bending attitude in listening, and an apparently fixed attentiveness in his eyes which made those persons who thought themselves worth hearing infer that he was seeking the utmost improvement from their discourse. Others, who expected to make no great figure, disliked this kind of moral lantern turned on them. If you are not proud of your cellar, there is no thrill of satisfaction in seeing your guest hold up his wine-glass to the light and look judicial. Such joys are reserved for conscious merit. Hence Mr. Bulstrode's close attention was not agreeable to the publicans and sinners in Middlemarch; it was attributed by some to his being a Pharisee, and by others to his being Evangelical. Less superficial reasoners among them wished to know who his father and grandfather were, observing that five-and-twenty years ago nobody had ever heard of a Bulstrode in Middlemarch. To his present visitor, Lydgate, the scrutinizing look was a matter of indifference: he simply formed an unfavorable opinion of the banker's constitution, and concluded that he had an eager inward life, with little enjoyment of tangible things.

"I shall be exceedingly obliged if you will look in on me here occasionally, Mr. Lydgate," the banker observed, after a brief pause. "If, as I dare to hope, I have the privilege of finding you a valuable coadjutor in the interesting matter of hospital management, there will be many questions which we shall need to discuss in private. As to the new hospital, which is nearly finished, I shall consider what you have said about the advantages of the special destination for fevers. The decision will rest with me, for though Lord Medlicote has given the land and timber for the building, he is not disposed to give his personal attention to the object."

"There are few things better worth the pains in a provincial town like this," said Lydgate. "A fine fever hospital in addition to the old infirmary might be the nucleus of a medical school here, when once we get our medical reforms; and what would do more for medical education than the spread of such schools over the country? A born provincial man who has a grain of public spirit as well as a few ideas should do what he can to resist the rush of every thing that is a little better than common toward London. Any valid professional aims may often find a freer, if not a richer, field in the provinces."

One of Lydgate's gifts was a voice habitually deep and sonorous, yet capable of becoming very low and gentle at the right moment. About his ordinary bearing there was a certain fling, a fearless expectation of success, a confidence in his own powers and integrity much fortified by contempt for petty obstacles or seductions of which he had had no experience. But this proud openness was made lovable by an expression of unaffected good-will. Mr. Bulstrode perhaps liked him the better for the difference between them in pitch and manners; he certainly liked him the better, as Rosamond did, for being a stranger in Middlemarch. One can begin so many things with a new person!—even begin to be a better man.

"I shall rejoice to furnish your zeal with fuller opportunities," Mr. Bulstrode answered; "I mean, by confiding to you the superintendence of my new hospital, should a maturer knowledge favor that issue, for I am determined that so great an object shall not be shackled by our two physicians. Indeed, I am encouraged to consider your advent to this town as a gracious indication that a more manifest blessing is now to be awarded to my efforts, which have hitherto been much withstood. With regard to the old infirmary, we have gained the initial point—I mean your election. And now I hope you will not shrink from incurring a certain amount of jealousy and dislike from your professional brethren by presenting yourself as a reformer."

"I will not profess bravery," said Lydgate, smiling, "but I acknowledge a good deal of pleasure in fighting, and I should not care for my profession if I did not believe that better methods were to be found and enforced there as well as every where else."

"The standard of that profession is low in Middlemarch, my dear Sir," said the banker. "I mean in knowledge and skill, not in social status, for our medical men are most of them connected with respectable towns-people here. My own imperfect health has induced me to give some attention to those palliative resources which the Divine mercy has placed within our reach. I have consulted eminent men in the metropolis, and I am painfully aware of the backwardness under which medical treatment labors in our provincial districts."

"Yes: with our present medical rules and education, one must be satisfied now and then to meet with a fair practitioner. As to all the higher questions which determine the starting-point of a diagnosis—as to the philosophy of medical evidence—any glimmering of these can only come from a scientific culture of which country practitioners have usually no more notion than the man in the moon."

Mr. Bulstrode, bending and looking intently, found the form which Lydgate had given to his agreement not quite suited to his comprehension. Under such circumstances a judicious man changes the topic, and enters on ground where his own gifts may be more useful.

"I am aware," he said, "that the peculiar bias of medical ability is toward material means. Nevertheless, Mr. Lydgate, I hope we shall not vary in sentiment as to a measure in which you are not likely to be actively concerned, but in which your sympathetic concurrence may be an aid to me. You recognize, I hope, the existence of spiritual interests in your patients?"

"Certainly I do. But those words are apt to cover different meanings to different minds."

"Precisely. And on such subjects wrong teaching is as fatal as no teaching. Now a point which I have much at heart to secure is a new regulation as to clerical attendance at the old infirmary. The building stands in Mr. Farebrother's parish. You know Mr. Farebrother?"

"I have seen him. He gave me his vote. I must call to thank him. He seems a very bright, pleasant little fellow. And I understand he is a naturalist."

"Mr. Farebrother, my dear Sir, is a man deeply painful to contemplate. I suppose there is not a clergyman in this country who has greater talents." Mr. Bulstrode paused and looked meditative.

"I have not yet been pained by finding any excessive talent in Middlemarch," said Lydgate, bluntly.

"What I desire," Mr. Bulstrode continued, looking still more serious, "is that Mr. Farebrother's attendance at the hospital should be superseded by the appointment of a chaplain—of Mr. Tyke, in fact—and that no other spiritual aid should be called in."

"As a medical man I could have no opinion on such a point unless I knew Mr. Tyke, and even then I should require to know the cases in which he was applied." Lydgate smiled, but he was bent on being circumspect.

"Of course you can not enter fully into the merits of this measure at present. But"—here Mr. Bulstrode began to speak with a more chiseled emphasis—"the subject is likely to be referred to the medical board of the infirmary, and what I trust I may ask of you is, that in virtue of the co-operation between us which I now look forward to, you will not, so far as you are concerned, be influenced by my opponents in this matter."

"I hope I shall have nothing to do with clerical disputes," said Lydgate. "The path I have chosen is to work well in my own profession."

"My responsibility, Mr. Lydgate, is of a broader kind. With me, indeed, this question is one of sacred accountableness; whereas, with my opponents, I have good reason to say that it is an occasion for gratifying a spirit of worldly opposition. But I shall not therefore drop one iota of my convictions, or cease to identify myself with that truth which an evil generation hates. I have devoted myself to this object of hospital improvement, but I will boldly confess to you, Mr. Lydgate, that I should have no interest in hospitals if I believed that nothing more was concerned therein than the cure of mortal diseases. I have another ground of action, and in the face of persecution I will not conceal it."

Mr. Bulstrode's voice had become a loud and agitated whisper as he said the last words.

"There we certainly differ," said Lydgate. But he was not sorry that the door was now opened, and Mr. Vincy was announced. That florid, sociable personage was become more interesting to him since he had seen Rosamond. Not that, like her, he had been weaving any future in which their lots were united; but a man naturally remembers a charming girl with pleasure, and is willing to dine where he may see her again. Before he took leave Mr. Vincy had given that invitation which he had been "in no hurry about," for Rosamond at breakfast had mentioned that she thought her uncle Featherstone had taken the new doctor into great favor.

Mr. Bulstrode, alone with his brother-in-law, poured himself out a glass of water, and opened a sandwich-box.

"I can not persuade you to adopt my regimen, Vincy?"

"No, no; I've no opinion of that system. Life wants padding," said Mr. Vincy, unable to omit his portable theory. "However," he went on, accenting the word, as if to dismiss all irrelevance, "what I came here to talk about was a little affair of my young scape-grace, Fred's."

"That is a subject on which you and I are likely to take quite as different views as on diet, Vincy."

"I hope not this time." (Mr. Vincy was resolved to be good-humored.) "The fact is, it's about a whim of old Featherstone's. Somebody has been cooking up a story out of spite, and telling it to the old man, to try to set him against Fred. He's very fond of Fred, and is likely to do something handsome for him; indeed, he has as good as told Fred that he means to leave him his land, and that makes other people jealous."

"Vincy, I must repeat that you will not get any concurrence from me as to the course you have pursued with your eldest son. It was entirely from worldly vanity that you destined him for the Church. With a family of three sons and four daughters, you were not warranted in devoting money to an expensive education, which has succeeded in nothing but in giving him extravagant, idle habits. You are now reaping the consequences."

To point out other people's errors was a duty that Mr. Bulstrode rarely shrank from, but Mr. Vincy was not equally prepared to be patient. When a man has the immediate prospect of being mayor, and is prepared, in the interests of commerce, to take up a firm attitude on politics generally, he has naturally a sense of his importance to the frame-work of things which seems to throw questions of private conduct into the background. And this particular reproof irritated him more than any other. It was eminently superfluous to him to be told that he was reaping the consequences. But he felt his neck under Bulstrode's yoke; and though he usually enjoyed kicking, he was anxious to refrain from that relief.

"As to that, Bulstrode, it's no use going back. I'm not one of your pattern men, and I don't pretend to be. I couldn't foresee every thing in the trade; there wasn't a finer business in Middlemarch than ours, and the lad was clever. My poor brother was in the Church, and would have done well—had got preferment already—but that stomach fever took him off: else he might have been a dean by this time. I think I was justified in what I tried to do for Fred. If you come to religion, it seems to me a man shouldn't want to carve out his meat to an ounce beforehand: one must trust a little to Providence, and be generous. It's a good British feeling to try and raise your family a little: in my opinion, it's a father's duty to give his sons a fine chance."

"I don't wish to act otherwise than as your best friend, Vincy, when I say that what you have been uttering just now is one mass of worldliness and inconsistent folly."

"Very well," said Mr. Vincy, kicking in spite of resolutions; "I never professed to be any thing but worldly; and, what's more, I don't see any body else who is not worldly. I suppose you don't conduct business on what you call unworldly principles. The only difference I see is that one worldliness is a little bit honester than another."

"This kind of discussion is unfruitful, Vincy," said Mr. Bulstrode, who, finishing his sandwich, had thrown himself back in his chair, and shaded his eyes as if weary. "You had some more particular business."

"Yes, yes. The long and short of it is, somebody has told old Featherstone, giving you as the authority, that Fred has been borrowing or trying to borrow money on the prospect of his land. Of course you never said any such nonsense. But the old fellow will insist on it that Fred should bring him a denial in your handwriting; that is, just a bit of a note saying you don't believe a word of such stuff, either of his having borrowed or tried to borrow in such a fool's way. I suppose you can have no objection to do that."

"Pardon me. I have an objection. I am by no means sure that your son, in his recklessness and ignorance—I will use no severer word—has not tried to raise money by holding out his future prospects, or even that some one may not have been foolish enough to supply him on so vague a presumption: there is plenty of such lax money-lending as of other folly in the world."

"But Fred gives me his honor that he has never borrowed money on the pretense of any understanding about his uncle's land. He is not a liar. I don't want to make him better than he is. I have blown him up well—nobody can say I wink at what he does. But he is not a liar. And I should have thought—but I may be wrong—that there was no religion to hinder a man from believing the best of a young fellow, when you don't know worse. It seems to me it would be a poor sort of religion to put a spoke in his wheel by refusing to say you don't believe such harm of him as you've got no good reason to believe."

"I am not at all sure that I should be befriending your son by smoothing his way to the future possession of Featherstone's property. I can not regard wealth as a blessing to those who use it simply as a harvest for this world. You do not like to hear these things, Vincy, but on this occasion I feel called upon to tell you that I have no motive for furthering such a disposition of property as that which you refer to. I do not shrink from saying that it will not tend to your son's eternal welfare or to the glory of God. Why, then, should you expect me to pen this kind of affidavit, which has no object but to keep up a foolish partiality and secure a foolish bequest?"

"If you mean to hinder every body from having money but saints and evangelists, you must give up some profitable partnerships, that's all I can say," Mr. Vincy burst out, very bluntly. "It may be for the glory of God, but it is not for the glory of the Middlemarch trade, that Plymdale's house uses those blue and green dyes it gets from the Brassing manufactory; they rot the silk, that's all I know about it. Perhaps if other people knew so much of the profit went to the glory of God, they might like it better. But I don't mind so much about that—I could get up a pretty row, if I chose."

Mr. Bulstrode paused a little before he answered. "You pain me very much by speaking in this way, Vincy. I do not expect you to understand my grounds of action—it is not an easy thing even to thread a path for principles in the intricacies of the world—still less to make the thread clear for the careless and the scoffing. You must remember, if you please, that I stretch my tolerance toward you as my wife's brother, and that it little becomes you to complain of me as withholding material help toward the worldly position of your family. I must remind you that it is not your own prudence or judgment that has enabled you to keep your place in the trade."

"Very likely not; but you have been no loser by my trade yet," said Mr. Vincy, thoroughly nettled (a result which was seldom much retarded by previous resolutions). "And when you married Harriet, I don't see how you could expect that our families should not hang by the same nail. If you've changed your mind, and want my family to come down in the world, you'd better say so. I've never changed: I'm a plain Churchman now, just as I used to be before doctrines came up. I take the world as I find it, in trade and every thing else. I'm contented to be no worse than my neighbors. But if you want us to come down in the world, say so. I shall know better what to do then."

"You talk unreasonably. Shall you come down in the world for want of this letter about your son?"

"Well, whether or not, I consider it very unhandsome of you to refuse it. Such doings may be lined with religion, but outside they have a nasty, dog-in-the-manger look. You might as well slander Fred: it comes pretty near to it when you refuse to say you didn't set a slander going. It's this sort of thing—this tyrannical spirit, wanting to play bishop and banker every where—it's this sort of thing makes a man's name stink."

"Vincy, if you insist on quarreling with me, it will be exceedingly painful to Harriet as well as myself," said Mr. Bulstrode, with a trifle more eagerness and paleness than usual.

"I don't want to quarrel. It's for my interest—and perhaps for yours too—that we should be friends. I bear you no grudge; I think no worse of you than I do of other people. A man who half starves himself, and goes the length in family prayers, and so on, that you do, believes in his religion whatever it may be: you could turn over your capital just as fast with cursing and swearing: plenty of fellows do. You like to be master, there's no denying that; you must be first chop in heaven, else you won't like it much. But you're my sister's husband, and we ought to stick together; and if I know Harriet, she'll consider it your fault if we quarrel because you strain at a gnat in this way, and refuse to do Fred a good turn. And I don't mean to say I shall bear it well. I consider it unhandsome."

Mr. Vincy rose, began to button his great-coat, and looked steadily at his brother-in-law, meaning to imply a demand for a decisive answer.

This was not the first time that Mr. Bulstrode had begun by admonishing Mr. Vincy, and had ended by seeing a very unsatisfactory reflection of himself in the coarse unflattering mirror which that manufacturer's mind presented to the subtiler lights and shadows of his fellow-men; and perhaps his experience ought to have warned him how the scene would end. But a full-fed fountain will be generous with its waters even in the rain, when they are worse than useless, and a fine fount of admonition is apt to be equally irrepressible.

It was not in Mr. Bulstrode's nature to comply directly in consequence of uncomfortable suggestions. Before changing his course he always needed to shape his motives and bring them into accordance with his habitual standard. He said at last:

"I will reflect a little, Vincy. I will mention the subject to Harriet. I shall probably send you a letter."

"Very well. As soon as you can, please. I hope it will all be settled before I see you to-morrow."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Follows here the strict receipt
For that sauce to dainty meat,
Named Idleness, which many eat
By preference, and call it sweet:
First watch for morsels, like a hound,
Mix well with buffets, stir them round
With good thick oil of flatteries,
And froth with mean self-lauding lies.
Serve warm; the vessels you must choose
To keep it in are dead men's shoes."

Mr. Bulstrode's consultation of Harriet seemed to have had the effect desired by Mr. Vincy, for early the next morning a letter came which Fred could carry to Mr. Featherstone as the required testimony.

The old gentleman was staying in bed on account of the cold weather, and as Mary Garth was not to be seen in the sitting-room, Fred went up stairs immediately, and presented the letter to his uncle, who, propped up comfortably on a bed-rest, was not less able than usual to enjoy his consciousness of wisdom in distrusting and frustrating mankind. He put on his spectacles to read the letter, pursing up his lips and drawing down their corners.

"'*Under the circumstances I will not decline to state my conviction*'—tchah! what fine words the fellow puts! He's as fine as an auctioneer—'*that your son Frederic has not obtained any advance of money on bequests promised by Mr. Featherstone*'—promised? who said I had ever promised? I promise nothing! I shall make codicils as long as I like—'*and that, considering the nature of such a proceeding, it is unreasonable to presume that a young man of sense and character would attempt it*'—ah, but the gentleman doesn't say you *are* a young man of sense and character, mark you that, Sir!—'*As to my own concern with any report of such a nature, I distinctly affirm that I never made any statement to the effect that your son had borrowed money on any property that might accrue to him on Mr. Featherstone's demise*'—bless my heart! 'property'—'accrue'—'demise!' Lawyer Standish is nothing to him. He couldn't speak finer if he wanted to borrow. Well"—Mr. Featherstone here looked over his spectacles at Fred, while he handed back the letter to him with a contemptuous gesture—"you don't suppose I believe a thing because Bulstrode writes it out fine, eh?"

Fred colored. "You wished to have the letter, Sir. I should think it very likely that Mr. Bulstrode's denial is as good as the authority which told you what he denies."

"Every bit. I never said I believed either one or the other. And now what d'you expect?" said Mr. Featherstone, curtly, keeping on his spectacles, but withdrawing his hands under his wraps.

"I expect nothing, Sir." Fred with difficulty restrained himself from venting his irritation. "I came to bring you the letter. If you like, I will bid you good-morning."

"Not yet, not yet. Ring the bell. I want missy to come."

It was a servant who came in answer to the bell.

"Tell missy to come!" said Mr. Featherstone, impatiently. "What business had she to go away?" He spoke in the same tone when Mary came.

"Why couldn't you sit still here till I told you to go? I want my waistcoat now. I told you always to put it on the bed."

Mary's eyes looked rather red, as if she had been crying. It was clear that Mr. Featherstone was in one of his most snappish humors this morning, and though Fred had now the prospect of receiving the much-needed present of money, he would have preferred being free to turn round on the old tyrant and tell him that Mary Garth was too good to be at his beck. Though Fred had risen as she entered the room, she had barely noticed him, and looked as if her nerves were quivering with the expectation that something would be thrown at her. But she never had any thing worse than words to dread. When she went to reach the waistcoat from a peg, Fred went up to her and said, "Allow me."

"Let it alone! You bring it, missy, and lay it down here," said Mr. Featherstone. "Now you go away again till I call you," he added, when the waistcoat was laid down by him. It was usual with him to season his pleasure in showing favor to one person by being especially disagreeable to another, and Mary was always at hand to furnish the condiment. When his own relatives came she was treated better. Slowly he took out a bunch of keys from the waistcoat pocket, and slowly he drew forth a tin box which was under the bedclothes.

"You expect I'm going to give you a little fortune, eh?" he said, looking above his spectacles and pausing in the act of opening the lid.

"Not at all, Sir. You were good enough to speak of making me a present the other day; else, of course, I should not have thought of the matter." But Fred was of a hopeful disposition, and a vision had presented itself of a sum just large enough to deliver him from a certain anxiety. When Fred got into debt, it always seemed to him highly probable that something or other—he did not necessarily conceive what—would come to pass enabling him to pay in due time. And now that the providential occurrence was apparently close at hand, it would have been sheer absurdity to think that the supply would be short of the need: as absurd as a faith that believed in half a miracle for want of strength to believe in a whole one.

The deep-veined hands fingered many bank-notes one after the other, laying them down flat again, while Fred leaned back in his chair, scorning to look eager. He held himself to be a gentleman at heart, and did not like courting an old fellow for his money. At last Mr. Featherstone eyed him again over his spectacles, and presented him with a little sheaf of notes: Fred could see distinctly that there were but five, as the less significant edges gaped toward him. But then, each might mean fifty pounds. He took them, saying,

"I am very much obliged to you, Sir," and was going to roll them up without seeming to think of their value. But this did not suit Mr. Featherstone, who was eying him intently.

"Come, don't you think it worth your while to count 'em? You take money like a lord: I suppose you lose it like one."

"I thought I was not to look a gift-horse in the mouth, Sir. But I shall be very happy to count them."

Fred was not so happy, however, after he had counted them. For they actually presented the absurdity of being less than his hopefulness had decided that they must be. What can the fitness of things mean, if not their fitness to a man's expectations? Failing this, absurdity and atheism gape behind him. The collapse for Fred was severe when he found that he held no more than five twenties, and his share in the higher education of this country did not seem to help him. Nevertheless he said, with rapid changes in his fair complexion:

"It is very handsome of you, Sir."

"I should think it is," said Mr. Featherstone, locking his box and replacing it, then taking off his spectacles deliberately, and at length, as if his inward meditation had more deeply convinced him, repeating, "I should think it *is* handsome."

"I assure you, Sir, I am very grateful," said Fred, who had had time to recover his cheerful air.

"So you ought to be. You want to cut a

figure in the world, and I reckon Peter Featherstone is the only one you've got to trust to." Here the old man's eyes gleamed with a curiously mingled satisfaction in the consciousness that this smart young fellow relied upon him, and that the smart young fellow was rather a fool for doing so.

"Yes, indeed: I was not born to very splendid chances. Few men have been more cramped than I have been," said Fred, with some sense of surprise at his own virtue, considering how hardly he was dealt with. "It really seems a little too bad to have to ride a broken-winded hunter, and see men who are not half such good judges as yourself able to throw away any amount of money on buying bad bargains."

"Well, you can buy yourself a fine hunter now. Eighty pound is enough for that, I reckon—and you'll have twenty pound over to get yourself out of any little scrape," said Mr. Featherstone, chuckling slightly.

"You are very good, Sir," said Fred, with a fine sense of contrast between the words and his feeling.

"Ay, rather a better uncle than your fine uncle Bulstrode. You won't get much out of his spekilations, I think. He's got a pretty strong string round your father's leg, by what I hear, eh?"

"My father never tells me any thing about his affairs, Sir."

"Well, he shows some sense there. But other people find 'em out without his telling. *He'll* never have much to leave you; he'll mostlike die without a will—he's the sort of man to do it—let 'em make him mayor of Middlemarch as much as they like. But you won't get much by his dying without a will, though you *are* the eldest son."

Fred thought that Mr. Featherstone had never been so disagreeable before. True, he had never before given him quite so much money at once.

"Shall I destroy this letter of Mr. Bulstrode's, Sir?" said Fred, rising with the letter as if he would put it in the fire.

"Ay, ay, I don't want it. It's worth no money to me."

Fred carried the letter to the fire, and thrust the poker through it with much zest. He longed to get out of the room, but he was a little ashamed before his inner self, as well as before his uncle, to run away immediately after pocketing the money. Presently the farm-bailiff came up to give his master a report, and Fred, to his unspeakable relief, was dismissed with the injunction to come again soon.

He had longed not only to be set free from his uncle, but also to find Mary Garth. She was now in her usual place by the fire, with sewing in her hands and a book open on the little table by her side. Her eyelids had lost some of their redness now, and she had her usual air of self-command.

"Am I wanted up stairs?" she said, half rising as Fred entered.

"No; I am only dismissed because Simmons is gone up."

Mary sat down again, and resumed her work. She was certainly treating him with more indifference than usual: she did not know how affectionately indignant he had felt on her behalf up stairs.

"May I stay here a little, Mary, or shall I bore you?"

"Pray sit down," said Mary; "you will not be so heavy a bore as Mr. John Waule, who was here yesterday, and he sat down without asking my leave."

"Poor fellow! I think he is in love with you."

"I am not aware of it. And to me it is one of the most odious things in a girl's life that there must always be some supposition of falling in love coming between her and any man who is kind to her, and to whom she is grateful. I should have thought that I, at least, might have been safe from all that. I have no ground for the nonsensical vanity of fancying every body who comes near me is in love with me."

Mary did not mean to betray any feeling, but in spite of herself she ended in a tremulous tone of vexation.

"Confound John Waule! I did not mean to make you angry. I didn't know you had any reason for being grateful to him. I forgot what a great service you think it if any one snuffs a candle for you." Fred also had his pride, and was not going to show that he knew what had called forth this outburst of Mary's.

"Oh, I am not angry, except with the ways of the world. I do like to be spoken to as if I had common-sense. I really often feel as if I could understand a little more than I ever hear even from young gentlemen who have been to college." Mary had recovered, and she spoke with a suppressed rippling under-current of laughter pleasant to hear.

"I don't care how merry you are at my expense this morning," said Fred. "I thought you looked so sad when you came up stairs. It is a shame you should stay here to be bullied in that way."

"Oh, I have an easy life—by comparison. I have tried being a teacher, and I am not fit for that: my mind is too fond of wandering on its own way. I think any hardship is better than pretending to do what one is paid for, and never really doing it. Every thing here I can do as well as any one else could; perhaps better than some—Rosy, for example. Though she is just the sort of beautiful creature that is imprisoned with ogres in fairy tales."

"*Rosy!*" cried Fred, in a tone of profound brotherly skepticism.

"Come, Fred!" said Mary, emphatically; "*you* have no right to be so critical."

"Do you mean any thing particular—just now?"

"No; I mean something general—always."

"Oh, that I am idle and extravagant. Well, I am not fit to be a poor man. I should not have made a bad fellow if I had been rich."

"You would have done your duty in that state of life to which it has not pleased God to call you," said Mary, laughing.

"Well, I couldn't do my duty as a clergyman, any more than you could do yours as a governess. You ought to have a little fellow-feeling there, Mary."

"I never said you ought to be a clergyman. There are other sorts of work. It seems to me very miserable not to resolve on some course, and act accordingly."

"So I could, if—" Fred broke off, and stood up, leaning against the mantel-piece.

"If you were sure you should not have a fortune?"

"I did not say that. You want to quarrel with me. It is too bad of you to be guided by what other people say about me."

"How can I want to quarrel with you? I should be quarreling with all my new books," said Mary, lifting the volume on the table. "However naughty you may be to other people, you are good to me."

"Because I like you better than any one else. But I know you despise me."

"Yes, I do—a little," said Mary, nodding, with a smile.

"You would admire a stupendous fellow, who would have wise opinions about every thing."

"Yes, I should." Mary was sewing swiftly, and seemed provokingly mistress of the situation. When a conversation has taken a wrong turn for us, we only get farther and farther into the swamp of awkwardness. This was what Fred Vincy felt.

"I suppose a woman is never in love with any one she has always known—ever since she can remember; as a man often is. It is always some new fellow who strikes a girl."

"Let me see," said Mary, the corners of her mouth curling archly; "I must go back on my experience. There is Juliet—she seems an example of what you say. But then Ophelia had probably known Hamlet a long while; and Brenda Troil—she had known Mordaunt Merton ever since they were children; but then he seems to have been an estimable young man; and Minna was still more deeply in love with Cleveland, who was a stranger. Waverley was new to Flora MacIvor; but then she did not fall in love with him. And there are Olivia and Sophia Primrose, and Corinne—they may be said to have fallen in love with new men. Altogether, my experience is rather mixed."

Mary looked up with some roguishness at Fred, and that look of hers was very dear to him, though the eyes were nothing more than clear windows where observation sat laughingly. He was certainly an affectionate fellow, and as he had grown from boy to man, he had grown in love with his old playmate, notwithstanding that share in the higher education of the country which had exalted his views of rank and income.

"When a man is not loved, it is no use for him to say that he could be a better fellow—could do any thing—I mean, if he were sure of being loved in return."

"Not of the least use in the world for him to say he *could* be better. Might, could, would—they are contemptible auxiliaries."

"I don't see how a man is to be good for much unless he has some one woman to love him dearly."

"I think the goodness should come before he expects that."

"You know better, Mary. Women don't love men for their goodness."

"Perhaps not. But if they love them, they never think them bad."

"It is hardly fair to say I am bad."

"I said nothing at all about you."

"I never shall be good for any thing, Mary, if you will not say that you love me, if you will not promise to marry me—I mean, when I am able to marry."

"If I did love you, I would not marry you: I would certainly not promise ever to marry you."

"I think that is quite wicked, Mary. If you love me, you ought to promise to marry me."

"On the contrary, I think it would be wicked in me to marry you even if I did love you."

"You mean, just as I am, without any means of maintaining a wife. Of course: I am but three-and-twenty."

"In that last point you will alter. But I am not so sure of any other alteration. My father says an idle man ought not to exist, much less be married."

"Then I am to blow my brains out?"

"No; on the whole, I should think you would do better to pass your examination. I have heard Mr. Farebrother say it is disgracefully easy."

"That is all very fine. Any thing is easy to him. Not that cleverness has any thing to do with it. I am ten times cleverer than many men who pass."

"Dear me!" said Mary, unable to repress her sarcasm. "That accounts for the curates like Mr. Crowse. Divide your cleverness by ten, and the quotient—dear me!—is able to take a degree. But that only shows you are ten times more idle than the others."

"Well, if I did pass, you would not want me to go into the Church?"

"That is not the question—what I want you to do. You have a conscience of your own, I suppose. There! there is Mr. Lydgate. I must go and tell my uncle."

"Mary," said Fred, seizing her hand as she rose; "if you will not give me some encouragement, I shall get worse instead of better."

"I will not give you any encouragement," said Mary, reddening. "Your friends would dislike it, and so would mine. My father would think it a disgrace to me if I accepted a man who got into debt, and would not work!"

Fred was stung, and released her hand. She walked to the door, but there she turned and said, "Fred, you have always been so good, so generous to me. I am not ungrateful. But never speak to me in that way again."

"Very well," said Fred, sulkily, taking up his hat and whip. His complexion showed patches of pale pink and dead white. Like many a plucked idle young gentleman, he was thoroughly in love, and with a plain girl, who had no money! But having Mr. Featherstone's land in the background, and a persuasion that, let Mary say what she would, she really did care for him, Fred was not utterly in despair.

When he got home he gave four of the twenties to his mother, asking her to keep them for him. "I don't want to spend that money, mother. I want it to pay a debt with. So keep it safe away from my fingers."

"Bless you, my dear," said Mrs. Vincy. She doted on her eldest son and her youngest girl (a child of six), whom others thought her two naughtiest children. The mother's eyes are not always deceived in their partiality: she at least can best judge who is the tender, filial-hearted child. And Fred was certainly very fond of his mother. Perhaps it was his fondness for another person also that made him particularly anxious to take some security against his own liability to spend the hundred pounds. For the creditor to whom he owed a hundred and sixty held a firmer security in the shape of a bill signed by Mary's father.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The statement, by Professor J. D. Whitney, of the present condition of the geological survey of California, lately presented to the Governor of the State, gives a gratifying picture of the activity and success in accomplishing the objects for which the exploration was authorized. The State Geologist remarks that less has been done than he had hoped, in consequence of the suspension of the appropriations by a preceding Legislature. Since the work was resumed, however, as the result of renewed appropriations by the Legislature of 1869, the survey has been carried on as rapidly as the nature of the service would allow.

Among the points particularly engaging the attention of the State Geologist was the completion of the topographical map of California, it being readily understood that this must be a necessary preliminary to a geological map. The survey of Central California was considered especially interesting and important, embracing, as it does, that portion of the State from Owen's Lake on the south to Lassen's Peak on the north, or between 36° and 40° 30′ north and south, and 117° 30′ and 123° east and west, the whole area comprising about one-third of the State, with probably ninety-five per cent. of the population residing in it.

Of the portion included within these limits, represented upon four maps, three are entirely drawn and partially engraved, while the fourth is two-thirds drawn, with the field-work of the remaining third yet to be done. A preliminary map, however, of the whole of California, on a scale of eighteen miles to an inch, has been drawn, in compliance with the wish of the community, and will soon be ready for distribution.

Besides these, other works connected with the same subject are reported by the State Geologist, being the new editions of the Yosemite Guide-book, and the publication of the first volume of the "Ornithology of California," which is characterized as a work exquisitely illustrated and admirably printed. The remaining volumes of the series of reports are so far completed as only to wait the continuance of appropriations to place them in hand and secure their early appearance.

Arrangements have also been made with Mr. Lesquereux to work up the fossil plants of California, and with Dr. Leidy and Professor Meek in regard to the fossils. Professor Brewer, of the survey, is well advanced in the work on the botany of California, which, when completed, will doubtless be used extensively as a text-book. It is much to be hoped that very liberal appropriations will be made for these important objects, since its chief and his assistants are known to be among the very best specialists in America, and their work has commanded the highest respect among naturalists at home and abroad. The reports themselves are models of perfection in regard to typography and general execution, and are not to be surpassed by the finest European works, whether published by governments or private parties. It may be stated as a well-known fact that much interest has been excited throughout the scientific circles of Europe by the character of the work done under the auspices of the State, and the utmost admiration expressed in regard to its liberality and enterprise; this example being commended to European governments as eminently worthy of their imitation.

A bill has been introduced into the United States Senate, providing for the appointment of a commission to run a boundary line between the frontiers of the United States and Great Britain, from the Lake of the Woods to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. This action has been needed for some time, in view of the fact that the precise geographical positions of Pembina and the Hudson Bay Company's post north of it are at present matters of uncertainty; it being claimed that the monument erected as indicating the position of the forty-ninth parallel is about a mile too far south, and that the Hudson Bay Company's post is actually within the limits of the United States. The appointment of a joint commission is therefore urged in order that this uncertainty may be set at rest.

We find in the New York *Citizen* a report by Mr. Seth Green of his experiences in attempting to transfer young shad from the Hudson River to the Sacramento, a brief notice of which we have already given to our readers. The experiment was initiated on the 19th of June, 1871, by starting with 12,000 young fish placed in four eight-gallon milk-cans. These had been hatched the night before at the New York State establishment. At Cleveland Mr. Green placed 200 shad in Lake Erie, and the same number in Lake Michigan at Chicago.

In crossing the continent Mr. Green experienced great difficulty in procuring water of a proper temperature and quality, but succeeded in reaching Sacramento with his charge in fair condition, having placed 200 fish in the river at Ogden. From Sacramento he proceeded 275 miles up the river, where he found the physical conditions to be suitable, and in the presence of the Commissioners of the State of California, he deposited 10,000 fish, in good condition, on the 26th of June.

From an examination of the Sacramento River, and of the Pacific Ocean near its mouth, Mr. Green was of the opinion that all the conditions necessary for the growth and persistence of these fish in the Sacramento River were found there, and that it was more than probable that in the course of three years their presence would be made manifest up to the head waters of the stream.

A letter from Captain Buddington, the sailing-master of Captain Hall's vessel, the *Polaris*, dated at Upernavik, reports that the party were in good health and spirits; and that Mr. Chester, the first mate, had gone up the coast to bring down Hans Christian, Dr. Kane's Esquimaux hunter, who was to join the expedition.

Dr. Stimpson, the secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Chicago, left Baltimore in the steamer of the 15th of December for Key West, for the purpose of making explorations and collections in the Florida waters, partly with the object of replacing that portion of the collection of the Chicago Academy lost by the fire. It is expected that he will take charge of the dredging operations of the United States Coast Survey steamer *Bibb*, while she is employed in selecting a line for the submarine cable which is to be laid for the International Cable Company between Cape San Antonio, Cuba, and some point on the coast of Yucatan.

A resolution has been presented in Congress providing for the printing of a number of copies of the report of the investigation by Professor Hayden upon the geology of Nebraska and Wyoming Territory.

Mr. Bryan, of Maryland, in an article upon the decrease of the shad, published in the Richmond *State Journal*, takes the ground that it is not to overfishing that the decrease of shad and other river fish is due, but to the spring floods, which in their course bring down quantities of mud and refuse that injure the spawning beds and destroy the eggs and young fish, besides being extremely obnoxious to the old fishes, by getting into their gills and otherwise incommoding them. He also thinks that the action of the steamers in traversing the flats and stirring up the mud exercises a special influence in the same direction.

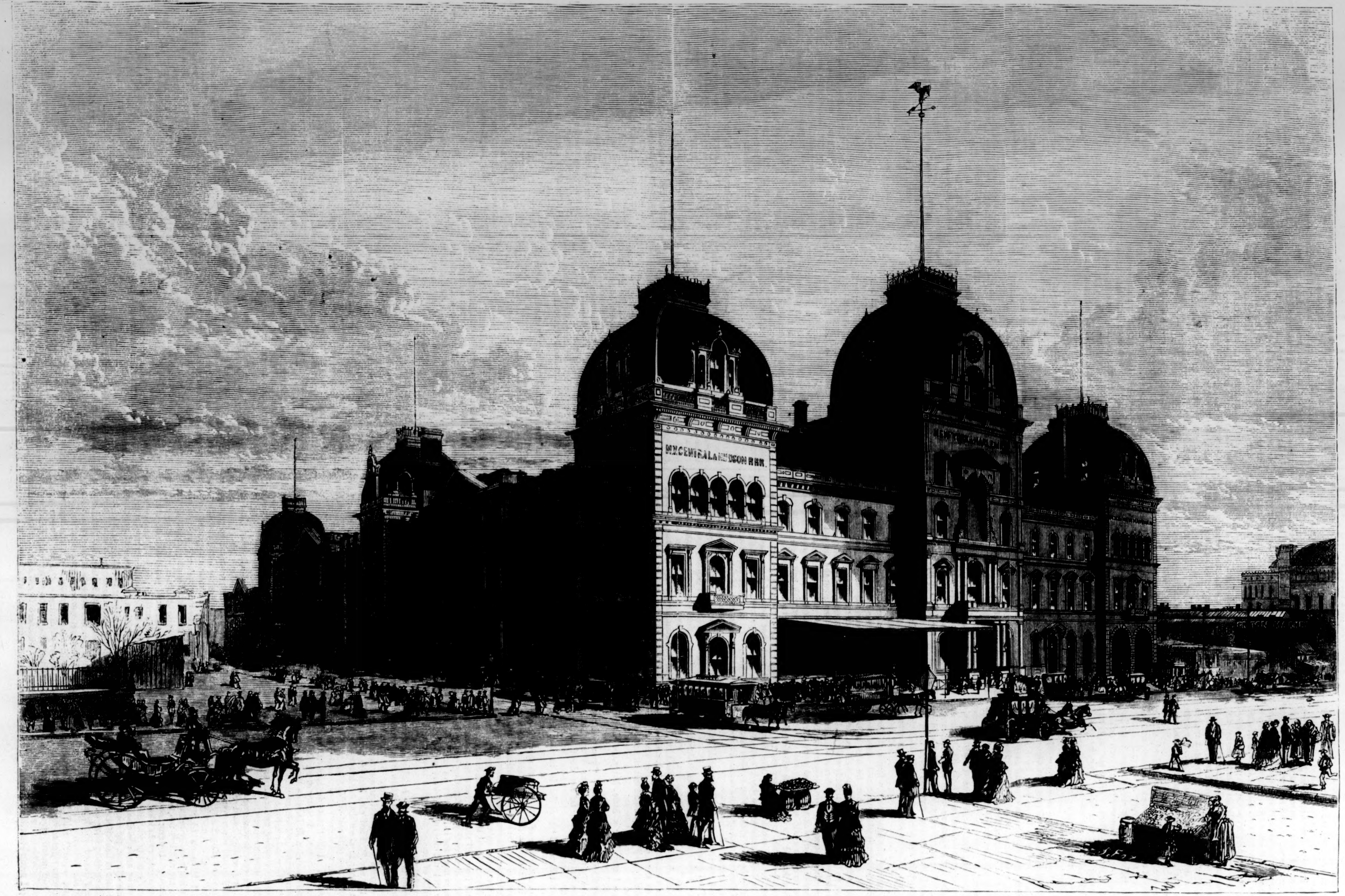
Bills have been introduced both in the Senate and House of Representatives providing for the reservation of that portion of the region about the Yellow Stone Lake in which the wonderful geysers and hot springs occur, to which we have repeatedly called the attention of our readers. The thorough exploration of that country made during the past season by Dr. Hayden has enabled him to define the limits within which these natural features occur, and the bill is based upon a plan prepared under his direction. The area proposed to be reserved is about sixty-five miles in length by fifty-five in width, and it is suggested that the reservation be placed under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, who is to be empowered to take such steps as may be required to protect the natural curiosities from injury or destruction. It is highly important that this should become a law at the present session, as the glowing accounts given by Dr. Hayden will cause a great many persons to visit the country during the coming year, and with the natural iconoclasm of the Anglo-Saxon race, there is great danger that the wonderful water basins and formations of sulphur and of calcareous and siliceous rocks will be knocked to pieces for the purpose of securing mementoes of a visit.

The death of Dr. Adolph Strecker, Professor of Chemistry at Würzburg, is announced by the *Chemical News*. This gentleman was for a long time a scientific chemist of much repute, and was the author of an excellent work on chemistry, and a constant contributor to the scientific periodicals of the German empire.

A new horticultural journal, named *The Garden*, has lately been commenced in London, under the editorship of Mr. W. Robinson. This gentleman is well known as the horticultural editor of *The Field* newspaper, and is the author of a large number of works upon gardening in its various branches, one of the most important being a description of the parks of Paris—a book of remarkable beauty and interest. The new magazine is intended to contain original articles by the editor and by correspondents on gardening topics, illustrated by wood-cuts, instructions for gardeners, descriptions of new plants, etc.

Mr. Stephen T. Olney, a well-known botanist, resident at Providence, Rhode Island, has just published a list of the algæ of Rhode Island, as collected and prepared by himself. In this he enumerates twenty-four species of melanosperms, or olive-colored algæ; forty-four of rhodosperms, or red algæ; and twenty-five of the chlorosperms, or green algæ, making ninety-three species in all. The remaining forms, principally microscopic, enumerated by him, and including zygnemaceæ, desmideæ, and diatomaceæ, bring the number up to one hundred and eighty-nine. Of most of these Mr. Olney possesses duplicates, which he will be happy to dispose of in exchange.

Mr. J. Matthew Jones, of Halifax, a gentleman well known in connection with his efforts to advance science in Nova Scotia, intends, it is said, spending the coming winter in the Bermudas, for the purpose of investigating its marine zoology. This gentleman formerly resided on these islands, and subsequently published a readable little book, entitled "A Naturalist in Bermuda."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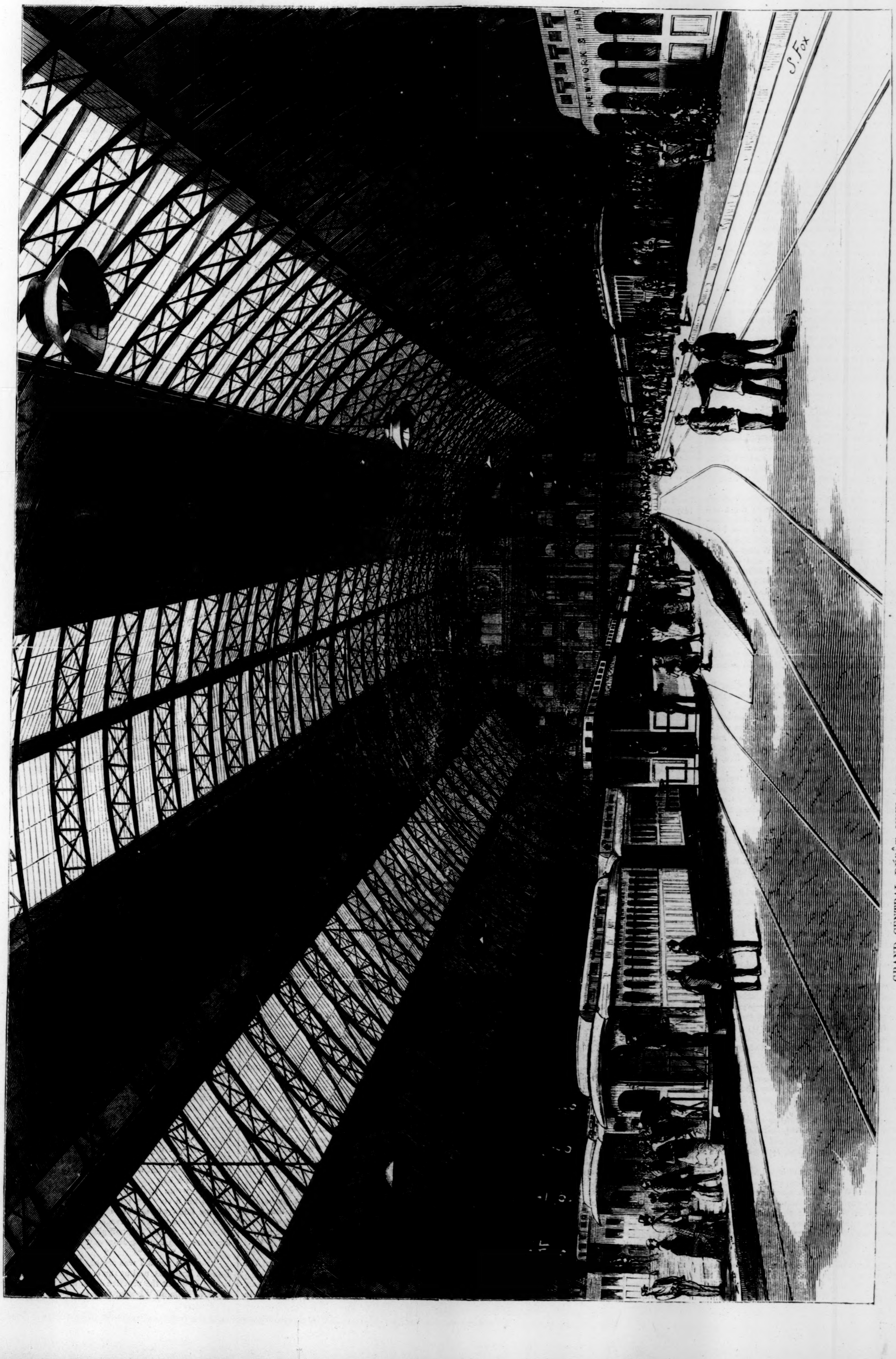
GRAND CENTRAL DEPÔT, NEW YORK—EXTERIOR VIEW.—Photographed by C. K. Bill, 747 Broadway.—[See Page 108.]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GRAND CENTRAL DÉPÔT, NEW YORK—INTERIOR VIEW.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 845 BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 108.]

SESTINA.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

I saw my soul at rest upon a day
As a bird sleeping in the nest of night,
Among soft leaves that give the starlight way
To touch its wings but not its eyes with light;
So that it knew as one in visions may,
And knew not as men waking, of delight.

This was the measure of my soul's delight:
It had no power of joy to fly by day,
Nor part in the large lordship of the light;
But in a secret moon-beholden way
Had all its will of dreams and pleasant night,
And all the love and life that sleepers may.

But such life's triumph as men waking may
It might not have to feed its faint delight
Between the stars by night and sun by day,
Shut up with green leaves and a little light;
Because its way was as a lost star's way,
A world's not wholly known of day or night.

All loves and dreams and sounds and gleams of night
Made it all music that such minstrels may,
And all they had they gave it of delight;
But in the full face of the fire of day
What place shall be for any starry light,
What part of heaven in all the wide sun's way?

Yet the soul woke not, sleeping by the way,
Watched as a nursling of the large-eyed night,
And sought no strength nor knowledge of the day,
Nor closer touch conclusive of delight,
Nor mightier joy nor truer than dreamers may,
Nor more of song than they, nor more of light.

For who sleeps once and sees the secret light
Whereby sleep shows the soul a fairer way
Between the rise and rest of day and night,
Shall care no more to fare as all men may,
But he his place of pain or of delight,
There shall he dwell, beholding night as day.

Song, have thy day and take thy fill of light
Before the night be fallen across thy way;
Sing while he may, man hath no long delight.

THE FATAL DUEL.

OLD Dr. Tatham was sitting cozily with his daughter one morning when the servant came in and announced Mr. Irving and his son.

"Leave us, Amy darling, for a short time, will you?" said the doctor to his daughter. "I will send Walter to you directly, but I wish to speak a few words to him first."

Amy Tatham was a charming girl, in the fresh bloom of youth and beauty. I don't think she quite liked being sent away just at that moment, and it is quite certain that she raised her head very suddenly when she heard the name "Walter Irving" mentioned. Walter Irving was certainly a very lucky fellow; and I think, if the truth be told, when old Dr. Tatham kissed his daughter preparatory to her fulfilling his sentence of exile, I think he thought so tco.

"Bother business, dear papa!" said willful Amy; "but remember you have promised not to keep me away long; and if you don't keep your word, I shall come in and surprise you. Good-by, you old dear."

When Amy Tatham had left the room the doctor turned toward the servant, who still stood at the door.

"Ask Mr. Irving and his son to walk in, please, and don't let me be disturbed unless there is something very important to be done."

Mr. Irving was a fine-looking old gentleman of the Colonel Newcome stamp; his son not so tall, or of such commanding presence, but intelligent-looking, and also gentlemanly. The father was about sixty; the son twenty-five, but looking evidently younger.

After commencing on a few ordinary topics of conversation, Mr. Irving was about to come to the point, and explain more particularly the object of his visit on this occasion, when he was stopped by the doctor.

"I beg pardon," said he, "but may I be allowed to interrupt you for a moment. It would be absurd of me to affect ignorance of the object of your visit. Before, however, I can listen to what either you or your son has got to say I have something very important to divulge. I must take you into my confidence, and relate something which it is necessary you should know—a secret which I fearlessly iutrust to you."

Walter Irving rose.

"My dear boy," said the doctor, "I beg that you will remain. What I have to say affects you more particularly than any one else here. You have been a good son, and I feel confident that you will make an excellent husband. Your love for my daughter is warm and generous; but promise me now—promise me, the father of the girl you love and desire to marry—promise me, as the gentleman that you are, that you will religiously keep my secret. Keep it; yes, even from my daughter!"

The doctor said these words in a strangely excited manner.

Mr. Irving and his son were evidently not prepared for so serious an interview. However, they promised faithfully to obey the doctor's earnest request, and waited patiently for him to continue.

The doctor looked round in his chair to assure himself that they were alone, and then, clearing his throat and addressing himself more particularly to young Walter Irving, spoke as follows:

"Eight-and-twenty years ago I was studying medicine at a German university. It was at Heidelberg. When I took up my residence there the absurd custom of dueling between the students was in vogue. At that time they were more serious than they are now, the custom of swathing the combatants, with the exception of a small portion of the face, being then almost unheard of. Hardly a day passed that some duel or other did not take place. The students fought occasionally with the officers, with the towns-people, and, I need hardly add, perpetually among themselves.

"I was as wild and as headstrong as any of them. My strong and unflinching English spirit and determination gained me a reputation even among these dare-devil German boys, and very soon I became noted as a reckless fellow and experienced duelist. I became the leader of a 'clique,' and, to tell the truth, I was not a little proud of my position. We have not all of us got sound thinking heads upon our shoulders at six-and-twenty. Boys will be boys.

"A very little way from where my lodgings were lived a young student who was as unlike me, or any in my set, as black is from white. He was the kind of fellow we should have called a 'milksop' at school; and yet, somehow or other, I felt I could not dislike the fellow. Instinctively—I don't know how it was—but I took to him.

"Max Oppenheim—for that was my neighbor's name—was a pale-faced, studious-looking young man, and a perfect model of a student. He was always being held up as a pattern to us. He was never known to miss a lecture; was never seen at the gasthaus; didn't smoke, drink beer—did nothing wicked, in fact. Max Oppenheim was our exact opposite.

"Outside the university he never joined his fellow-students, and was never known to invite them home.

"I forgot to say that he lodged exactly opposite where I was residing, so my window commanded his.

"One morning, as I was smoking a cigarette on the balcony outside my sitting-room, I saw, to my surprise, over the way, a pretty fair head peeping out of Oppenheim's window. The head popped back immediately I was detected.

"I laughed to myself, and thought what a good story I would make out of it for the benefit of my friends.

"That evening, before I had an opportunity of doing this, I happened to meet Max, and began joking him about the fair apparition that I had seen.

"He stopped me in an instant.

"'I am married,' said he, rather proudly. 'That was Madame Oppenheim that you saw.'

"I am afraid I must have perpetrated an incredulous whistle.

"'It was Madame Oppenheim, I tell you, Sir,' said the pale-faced Max, getting irritated; 'and I beg that her name may be treated with respect.'

"I was half inclined to treat the matter still as a joke, and I fully believe I should not have been inclined to let the conversation drop so suddenly with any one else; but, as I told you just now, in my heart I esteemed Max thoroughly, and knew him to be by no means a bad fellow. I can now confess that I really liked him, only I did not like to own it. We are all desperately weak sometimes.

"This little altercation of ours was trivial enough; but it had its ill effects, notwithstanding.

"Before it happened we were in the habit of shaking hands and exchanging a few friendly words when we met. This was all knocked on the head after it. We bowed coldly to one another when we met, and in time even the bows became few and far between.

"And then the months slipped away, and the winter came, and with it—at least not very long afterward—the carnival.

"Of course I went to the carnival ball, and in costume. I remember it well: it was a Pierrot dress. I danced all night, and got back to my lodgings at some unearthly hour in the morning.

"I threw myself on the bed, dead tired as I was; too sleepy, in fact, to take off a scrap of my costume.

"I had fallen asleep outside the bed, but was awakened by a loud knocking at my door. I had heard the knocking for some minutes, and it mixed itself fantastically enough with my dreams.

"Still the knocking went on; but when I heard my name repeated two or three times, I started up suddenly.

"'Come in—come in!' I cried, still confused, and very sleepy.

"The door opened, and a man walked into my room.

"It was Max Oppenheim.

"He seemed very much agitated, and was as pale as death.

"'Why, Oppenheim, what on earth can you want with me at this hour of the morning?' said I, rubbing my eyes, and looking comical enough, I should think, in my tumbled Pierrot dress.

"'Mr. Tatham,' said he, hesitating a little, and with a broken voice, 'you have shown me kindness before now; I have come to ask you to do me a very great favor.'

"'By all means. What can I do?'

"Max Oppenheim took two or three turns up and down my room, hesitated once or twice, but at last commanded himself, and said, in a nervous, anxious manner: 'You can not conceive how sorry I am to put you to any trouble or annoyance, Mr. Tatham; but, to deal honestly with you, let me say that you are the only man I know how to appeal to in my present unhappy condition. I have heard, and I think I am correct in believing, that in affairs of honor, as they are called here, you are somewhat expert.'

"'My dear fellow,' replied I, now thoronghly surprised, 'you don't mean to tell me that a duel is on the cards?'

"'Yes.'

"'And you intend to fight?'

"He looked me steadily in the face. There was a flash of something like pride in his eyes, and a tone of dignity in his voice, as he gave me the following explanation:

"'Last night my wife was very anxious to see the masqueraders go to the ball. I didn't see much harm in this simple wish, and said that I had no objection to take her. We took up our position under the trees, away from the crowd, where I imagined we should be able to see every thing without being in any way disturbed. It may appear strange, but I fancied somehow that all would not go well. One has these odd presentiments at times, you know; and, although it is perfectly impossible to account for them, it is no use denying that they do occur.

"'A party of students, as ill luck would have it, passed by the very spot where we were standing, and recognized me. They surrounded us. I suppose they had been dining freely. At any rate, they insulted me grossly; but this I could have endured. They heaped their insults upon her who was with me. I will do them the justice to believe that they were ignorant that she was my wife. I informed them of the relationship in which we stood to one another. I told you the same, Mr. Tatham, you may remember, and, like a gentleman, you believed me. These young ruffians simply laughed in my face. I had to defend my poor wife against their coarse and cowardly attacks, and to compel their silence as best I could. By degrees they left me one by one. One solitary individual remained. He was the ringleader, the most offensive, the most unpardonable. Snapping his fingers in my face, he said, "I consider I have been grossly insulted by you, Mr. Max Oppenheim. I shall expect satisfaction to-morrow, if there is an atom of pluck in your composition."'

"'Well, what then?'

"'I have told you all, Mr. Tatham. The thought struck me once or twice during the night that such a foolish and trivial affair would be allowed to drop as hastily as it began. I thought, perhaps, the morning would bring with it sober reflections, and that happily an apology might be offered me for the gratuitous insults I received at the hands of my fellow-students. However, this morning, almost at daybreak, I received a visit from two of them, still in their fancy dresses. They came to ask me if I had made any preparations. They assured me that my adversary—Heaven knows I bear him no malice—was determined not to rest until he had obtained satisfaction for the injuries inflicted on him. He never liked me, this man, and bears me some strange malice. He is a clever fellow, but idle; and I think he is a little bit jealous of my success in the university.'

"Poor Max! I think I see him now as he stood talking to me in the cold, gray morning light, so frankly, so earnestly, and with such charming modesty. But I was a young fool then, and never allowed my heart to be broke. How this young, promising fellow stood at my bedside, confiding to my care his happy, brilliant life and prospects, and all his pretty wife's hope and love and heart. Like a fool that I was, I understood nothing of this. I thought like a fool, and like a fool I answered:

"'If you knew the fellows as well as I do, Oppenheim, and understood their mad enthusiasm for dueling and strange notions of honor, you would believe that this man spoke the truth. He will not rest until he has had satisfaction.'

"'Do you know who it is I mean?' said Max, nervously.

"'I know them all. What is his name?'

"'Ferdinand Kohler.'

"'A most experienced swordsman. What practice have you had?'

"'I—I am ashamed to say that I have hardly ever had a sword in my hand.'

"'You don't mean to say so?'

"At this time of which I am speaking I don't believe that there could have existed two students at that, or, indeed, in any, university who would have made such a confession. Poor Max's confession of incompetency seemed to me not only incredible, but almost to amount to a crime of some magnitude. I was obliged to act upon first thoughts, for there was no time for reflection.

"'If you think, Mr. Tatham, that it is a point of honor for me to fight this man, I am prepared to meet him, come what may.'

"To this courageous and plucky speech, without thinking of its consequences, I said, 'Bravo, Oppenheim! That's spoken like a man!'

"He didn't quite look all the courage of his words, so I tried to encourage him.

"'Why, this will be a splendid opening for you,' I said. 'You will never become a swordsman without practice; and to be ignorant of the weapon is to own yourself no student, or, indeed, gentleman, according to the present idea. They will despise you no more after this; and if you do shed a little blood, why, it will be well worth the pain. Your antagonist is no mean rival, I can assure you; and the mere fact of your standing up against him will raise you up a thousand degrees in the estimation of your fellow-students. You have won my heart already. Give me your hand.'

"I shook the poor fellow warmly by the hand, and tried to inspire him with confidence.

"The whole thing was excitement and pleasure to me, and I enjoyed my position amazingly.

"Max Oppenheim's heart could have told a very different story. However, it was all a point of honor with him. And though I believe, now, he would have given any thing in the world to be comfortably out of the scrape, like a true-hearted gentleman he stifled his feelings.

"There was another knock at my door.

"'Here are the gentlemen, most probably,' said he. 'Hoping, indeed knowing, that you would not refuse your assistance, I begged them to await us in the street. Shall I open the door?'

"'Certainly. Let them in.'

"There they stood, flushed with wine, careless and excited—German students to the life. We all went out together.

"There is a picture of Gerome's which I saw once in Paris, and of which I see photographs in the shop windows in London, which makes me shudder again. It is called 'Le Duel de Pierrot.' On just such a spot Max Oppenheim and Ferdinand Kohler met.

"It was just such a winter's morning, just such a bleak, dreary landscape, just the same snow thickly strewed on the ground.

"I never look at the picture or imagine the scene without seeing Max Oppenheim's blood.

"For Max Oppenheim fell that morning, mortally wounded, on the snow.

"We saw at once he was utterly ignorant of the sword, and unanimously begged Ferdinand to be gentle with him. 'Just give him a scratch,' we said, 'and that will do.' I have no doubt in my own mind that Ferdinand had no intention of acting otherwise. Poor Max brought about his own death. He fought like a young lion, wildly, and without an atom of head. Ferdinand gave a lunge to defend his own life, and it was a fatal thrust for Max Oppenheim.

"There he died, where he had fought so desperately. It was an awful thing for all of us; and we would, one and all, have cut off our right hand sooner than it should have happened. I shall never forget the awful stillness of the morning, as we stood round the dead body of our fellow-student, or the bitter sorrow with which we bore his remains away from the dreadful scene.

"The last sad and painful duties connected with Max's unfortunate death devolved upon myself. The worst part was yet to come; for before he breathed his last he intrusted a letter to my care, and whispered only one word—'Marie!'

"I had to meet the young widow face to face.

"On arriving at the house I went up the stairs very slowly, and, after much hesitation, knocked.

"Marie herself came to the door.

"She was pale as death. I guessed at once that she understood for what purpose Max had left her so suddenly and at such an early hour.

"Directly she saw me she shrank back. For some time she stood there immovable, and trembling like an aspen leaf. She dared not ask me on what account I had come there. There she stood, with her long fair hair floating down her shoulders. So young and so very beautiful! A few hours ago, and she owned every thing she desired most in the world, and now of all women she was the most miserable.

"And there I stood before her, gazing into her sweet, pale, terribly staring face, and did not dare to move or speak a word. The words stuck in my throat and nearly choked me.

"And then she fixed me with her eyes, and that look of fear burned into me like molten lead.

"So terrible was that look that I was compelled to take my eyes off her and look upon the ground. When I ventured tc allow them to stray back again it was easy to see that Marie Oppenheim guessed—nay, knew—all.

"'Max is dead!' she shrieked, putting her hand to her heart, as if that one effort had made it cease to beat.

"I said nothing. There was a wild, hysterical sob, and then, falling upon her knees, she moaned out a prayer. After that she fell apparently lifeless to the ground.

"I shall never forget that scene to the day of my death. Nothing I have ever seen on the stage, nothing I have ever read in books, nothing I have seen in pictures, has ever come near it in depth and intensity.

"I don't know exactly how long I remained there. I was more than half stupefied with grief myself.

"I tried feebly enough to console her. She would not be comforted.

"'You are very kind,' she said, 'but don't understand me. Max is dead, and that is all I care to hear or know. It was I who sent him to you. I believed—hoped—that happily you would save his life; but God willed it otherwise. He loved him so much that He robbed me of my husband, and has taken him to Himself. There is only one thing I want now—my husband's body. It belongs to me—it is mine! I alone will watch over it, I alone will lay it in the coffin, and I alone will follow it to the grave! Bid them bring me my husband, and promise me faithfully that no one shall disturb the last few hours that I, Marie Oppenheim, have to spend with my darling boy. Sir, I beg—I implore you—to allow this!'

"What could I say?

"I gave her his letter, and left her, as she bid me.

"Night after night I watched the house from my balcony opposite. It was bitterly cold, but there I stood and watched, and scalding were the tears I shed for her who sat desolate in the room in which a light burned on through the long night into the morning again.

"My house was terribly close to her, and I heard every thing. I heard her awful shriek when they led her away, and she had seen his face for the last time; and I heard the dull thud of the hammer, and the click of the cruel nails.

"We followed, all of us, but afar off and away from her, for she had begged to be alone with him at the grave.

"The next day, hearing and knowing that Max's widow was desperately poor, I wrote to her, notifying what we had arranged to do among ourselves for her.

"She wrote back, declining all assistance, and within a very few days had left Heidelberg. No one knew whither she had gone. I tried in vain to discover her whereabouts, and not long afterward I myself had completed my university life there, and came to England.

* * * * * *

"For five years I was attached to one of the London hospitals, and at the end of that period, before I bought the practice down here," continued Dr. Tatham, "I went for a short Continental trip, and revisited Heidelberg for the first time since I had left it at the termination of the old student days.

"There is little wonder, after what I have related to you, that the place had a strange attraction for me.

"I lost no time in making my way to the pretty church-yard where, five years ago, I had seen Max Oppenheim sadly buried.

"I found the grave. It was surmounted by a simple cross. There were two names carved on the arms of the cross. On one arm was the word 'Max,' and on the other, freshly cut, 'Marie.'

"An old woman was standing by the grave, and on its bosom was a little fair-haired girl, dressed in deep mourning, and busily employed in planting on the grave some snow-drops and violets.

"From the old woman I learned how that Marie Oppenheim had returned to Heidelberg some few months after I had left for England, bringing with her a little baby, whom she idolized. The sweet mother had died but a few months back, and here was the little one on the grave of its mother and father, as yet hardly old enough to know the real bitterness of its loss.

"The child took to me in a wonderful manner. I staid at Heidelberg for some weeks, and the little one would not allow herself to be for a moment out of my sight. The consequence was, that when I returned to England I brought her with me, and it was given out when I came down here that I was a widower with an only child. This, my dear friend, was not, as you well know, the truth. I was never married, and my darling Amy is the daughter of Max and Marie Oppenheim."

A little tender sob was heard at the other end of the room when Dr. Tatham finished his story, and in another moment Amy was in his arms, circling round the good man, and crying passionately.

She had overheard a greater part of the story, and what appeared to have been a mystery was now as clear as daylight to every body.

Amy soon changed her surname for the third time, and became Mrs. Irving; and the young people lived on with old Dr. Tatham, who often said that now the secret was off his mind, he was twice as happy a man as he was before.

THE GENEVA CONFERENCE.

The Geneva Conference, or the Tribunal of Arbitration for the settlement of the "*Alabama* claims," was created by the Treaty of Washington, concluded last spring between the United States and Great Britain. By the terms of the treaty this tribunal is composed of five arbitrators, of whom the first was named by the President of the United States, one by the Queen of England, one by the King of Italy, one by the President of the Swiss Confederation, and one by the Emperor of Brazil. The tribunal meets at Geneva, Switzerland, to examine and decide all questions laid before it by the United States and British governments; and all questions, including the final award, are to be decided by a majority of the arbitrators.

The tribunal consists of the following gentlemen: The Hon. Charles Francis Adams, named by President Grant; Sir Alexander Cockburn, named by Queen Victoria; Herr Stampfli, named by the President of the Swiss Confederation; Count Sclopis de Salermo, named by Victor Emanuel; and Baron D'Itajuba, Brazilian envoy in Paris, named by the Emperor of Brazil. On the British side Lord Tenterden acts as secretary and general agent. For the United States Mr. J. C. Bancroft Davis holds the same position, and takes charge of all claims advanced by American citizens against Great Britain. It is a part of his duty to arrange all details of business with Lord Tenterden. The latter has no claims to receive, but he has to undertake the arrangement of the British case—the classification of documents and the like. The Hon. W. M. Evarts, the Hon. Caleb Cushing, and Mr. Morrison R. Waite have been retained as counsel for the United States.

The case of the United States, as presented to the Tribunal of Arbitration, fills a printed volume of nearly five hundred pages. It was prepared by Mr. Bancroft Davis, with the assistance of M. C. C. Beaman and Hon. Caleb Cushing. This elaborate argument is arranged in six divisions. The first is the brief "Introduction," wherein is recounted the circumstances of the meeting of the Joint High Commission, with a summary of the protocols of proceedings, ending with the Treaty of Washington *in extenso*, as the grand result of a negotiation which had extended through eight years of time, and the whole of one and parts of two administrations. Part II. is devoted to a review of "the unfriendly course pursued by Great Britain toward the United States from the outbreak to the close of the insurrection." Part III. to "the duties which Great Britain, as a neutral, should have observed toward the United States." Part IV. to "wherein Great Britain failed to perform its duties as a neutral." Part V. to "wherein Great Britain failed to perform its duties as a neutral in respect to the insurgent cruisers." Part VI. to enforcing the demand that "the tribunal should award (for damages) a sum in gross to the United States."

The claims of the United States, as stated by the American members of the Joint High Commission, may be classified as follows:

1. The claims for direct losses growing out of the destruction of vessels and their cargoes by the insurgent cruisers.
2. The national expenditures in pursuit of those cruisers.
3. The loss in the transfer of the American commercial marine to the British flag.
4. The enhanced payments of insurance.
5. The prolongation of the war, and the addition of a large sum to the cost of the war and the suppression of the rebellion.

So far at these various losses and expenditures grew out of the acts committed by the several cruisers, the United States are entitled to ask compensation and remuneration therefor before this tribunal.

On all these points evidence is presented which will enable the tribunal to ascertain and determine the amount of the several losses and injuries complained of. To the amount thus shown should be added interest upon the claims to the day when the award is payable by the terms of the treaty, namely, twelve months after the date of the award. The usual legal rate of interest in the city of New York, where most of the claims of individuals are held, is seven per cent. per annum. In some of the States it is greater; in few of them less. The United States makes a claim for interest at that rate. The computation of the interest should be made from an average day to be determined. The United States suggests the first day of July, 1863, as the most equitable day.

The tribunal met in the Hôtel de Ville, or town-hall, of Geneva, on the 15th of December, 1871. It is a somewhat ancient building, with a pretty cloistered entrance in the Italian-Gothic style, which promises a more elegant interior than the visitor will find on passing in. The room where the tribunal sat is the one used in Geneva for the sessions of Congress. It is some thirty-five feet long by twenty-five feet in width. It is lighted at the southern end by three lofty French windows looking on the Botanical Gardens and two ancient bastions. Count Sclopis was chosen president of the tribunal, and then the formal interchange of the cases on the part of Great Britain and the United States was made.

On page 100 we give the portraits of the gentlemen connected with the American case. With the public career of the arbitrator for the United States, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, our readers are well acquainted. As United States minister to Great Britain during the war, he won universal applause by the ability and discretion with which he managed the affairs of that important position. By consent of all parties, there is no man in the country better fitted for the duties of his present position, and his appointment is another of the many acts which commend the administration to the sympathy and support of honest and patriotic men.

Mr. W. M. Evarts and Mr. Caleb Cushing are also well known as statesmen of eminent ability and wide experience. Both are exceedingly able and successful lawyers, and have frequently been called in to advise the government in difficult cases.

Mr. Bancroft Davis, late Assistant Secretary of State, a position which he filled with ability and credit, is a lawyer of high standing in the profession. Mr. Morrison R. Waite is a native of Connecticut. At the age of twenty-two he went to Ohio, where he has since resided. He is a lawyer, and is regarded as an able man and sound legal adviser.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

However charming a summer trip "across the continent" may be, a "snow blockade" on the Pacific Railway must be a tedious experience. Such, indeed, it seemed to hundreds of California passengers whose plans for spending New-Year's Day with Eastern friends were sadly interfered with by the snow-drifts. Twenty days is a long while to live in cars, be they ever so nice; and happy they who, anticipating the possibility of delay, provided themselves with overflowing lunch-baskets. Happier yet were those who, waiving all useless grumbling, submitted cheerfully to the inevitable.

A snow-storm on "the plains" of the great West is often quite unlike that which visits any other section of country. The uninterrupted sweep of wind carries the flying flakes horizontally through the air for miles, until they are deposited in ruts and ridges and against the windward sides of slopes and bluffs that vary the monotony of the plains—just where a pathway has been made for the locomotive. Nor is it any easy task to disperse the masses of soft snow, or cut a passage through solid heaps of ice-like snow mingled with sand. The assaults of the iron plow and locomotive are sometimes in vain, and the utmost prudence as well as energy are necessary to overcome the formidable drifts. Time and experience will doubtless enable managers on comparatively new railroads to protect exposed points by snow-fences and other appliances.

Antimony, curiously enough, has been the occasion of many bitter controversies. About the year 1492 this substance was described by a scientific monk of Germany, who administered some doses to the convent hogs for the purpose of fattening them. The swine gained flesh amazingly, but when the benevolent father tried the experiment upon his lean brethren, the priests died. Nevertheless, antimony became a popular medicine. But its use was so abused that in France, in 1566, it was prohibited as a medicine, and for more than a hundred years the law was in force.

The money value of the jewels of the Empress Eugénie which have been exposed for sale in London is about $400,000. This does not represent the whole of her jewels. Many of them are too costly and imposing to be worn by persons in private life. The Empress of Russia is understood to have purchased the celebrated set of rubies, and other valuables are still at Chiselhurst, to be disposed of when a purchaser can be found. Among the articles now offered for sale is a head ornament of diamonds, worked into the form of an olive wreath, with black beads introduced at regular intervals. This was made soon after the French and Austrian war of 1859. The olive-branch told its own story of peace, and the sombre beads with which the glittering brilliants were relieved were meant to express sorrow for the soldiers who had fallen. The workmanship is exquisite, and the stones are of the first water. This magnificent ornament is valued at several thousand pounds. The watch and chatelaine carried by the Empress are also for sale, and form a remarkable piece of workmanship. The back of the watch, which is the size of a small or "godless" florin, is jeweled with diamonds and colored precious stones, which the chatelaine matches, and the setting is peculiarly delicate and tasteful. The famous cross, suspended from a pearl necklace, is composed of emeralds of the finest color and purity, while the pearls all match each other in size, shape, and tint. Another necklace of black pearls of large size took years to collect, for the pearls match each other perfectly.

Benjamin Greenleaf, the mathematician, whose arithmetics have puzzled so many young brains, was an eccentric man, who loved a pleasant joke. Going one day, with a basket on his head, into a room where there were several boys, he asked one boy after another, "Are you fond of fractions?"

Each lad, fearing that a problem would follow, said, heartily and promptly, "No, Sir."

But one courageous fellow said, "Yes, Sir."

To him was given the basket with its contents—a number of nice apples, halved and quartered—with the remark, "You may divide those fractions."

The wife of Sir Edward Thornton, the British minister, recently appeared at the President's reception in a dress of dark, soft-looking woolen material, eminently suitable for winter wear. This deviation from the general rule of silk, satin, or velvet is suggestive.

St. Louis can boast of a model city official, who declined retaining a costly Christmas gift from a city contractor, on the ground that he believed it wrong to become the recipient of presents from city contractors while he was holding the position of City Engineer. "I can not," he said, "conscientiously compromise the administration which appointed me to office, or place myself under implied obligations to contractors doing work for the city."

The biggest chicken pie ever built and baked in Connecticut graced a recent fair at Bridgeport. A hundred chickens were sacrificed in its construction, and it required four men to move it.

An exchange states that "a party by the name of" Jones has written a book to prove that "the United States is the kingdom of heaven." We regret to be forced to believe that Jones needs a thorough review of geography.

Difficulties in village choirs, which are so proverbial, might be less frequent if all ministers knew how to meet the matter as decidedly as did the Rev. Dr. West, of New Bedford. He once heard that his choir would not sing on the next Sunday. When the day came he gave out the hymn, "Come, ye that love the Lord." After reading it through, he looked up very emphatically at the choir, and said: "You will begin at the second verse,

"'Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God.'"

The choir sang.

Rumor says that the British government has been seized with such a severe fit of economy that it compels the superior officials of the British Museum to wash their hands with yellow soap instead of the brown Windsor with which they were formerly indulged, and that one department has been left for some months without a duster!

M. Thiers has some overzealous friends. A short time ago he entered one of the bureaus of the National Assembly, followed by a large dog, who jumped up, barking and panting, into the President's face. An officious clerk immediately started from his desk and dealt the animal such a terrific blow on the head with a ruler that he rolled back, howling, on the mat. The clerk, triumphant in the deed, exclaimed, "No dog shall harm our valued President while I am by!" To which the President replied, in a furious tone, as he rushed toward the animal, "But, fool, dolt, idiot, the dog is mine!"

A distinguished geologist has found among the Pyrenees, in the south of France, the remains of prehistoric cities only a slight distance below the soil. These discoveries disclose habitations of the same general character as those found beneath the Swiss lakes about the year 1854. In all the western part of the Pyrenees the remains are numerous. The Archæological Society of that district is endeavoring to develop these discoveries into a history of the people who dwelt in those cities.

Ability to meet an emergency may be largely a natural gift, yet is it not also capable of being developed by proper culture? Many persons, in case of a sudden accident, sickness, fire, or panic of any kind, seem incapable of any useful, common-sense exertion. Even if the emergency is a slight and common one, they are, as it were, *nonplused*. They either do nothing, or do the most ridiculous things. It is desirable for those who are conscious of an inability to exercise good sense in the minor exigencies of life to educate themselves a little. Take a quiet hour to consider what you will do if your child awakes at midnight with the croup; if he falls and seriously hurts his head; if a fire breaks out in your house; if an accident occurs on the railroad train; and then endeavor to follow out the general principles which in unexcited moments you believe to be the proper ones to guide you in times of difficulty and danger. A little skillful education will be of great service in cases of real trouble, and also enable one to meet gracefully and with ready *tact* the thousand lesser *contre-temps* of life.

A picture of the Resurrection, painted by Sir Benjamin West a century ago, was one of the articles on a recent catalogue of unclaimed goods at the Custom-house which were to be sold at auction. This painting, valued at eight thousand dollars, was sent to this country last year for exhibition, but was not withdrawn from the Custom-house by the consignees. It was taken out of the auction sale by order of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The falls of Indravati are the Niagara of India. Unfortunately, however, from their inaccessible position, few will ever see them. About four miles above the falls the Indravati is joined by the Narnagi, a river about three-fourths its size. The united waters descend perpendicularly a height of ninety-four feet over a ledge of sandstone rocks about five hundred yards in length, and slightly curved at one end, so as to give the fall something of a horseshoe shape. The brilliant coloring of the water, varying from a reddish-brown at the crest of the falls to a brilliant ochre where broken in its descent, adds much to the beauty of the sight. Sometimes the clouds of spray which hide the lower part of the falls rise, after rain, even higher than the crest of the falls, filling the whole chasm, hiding the country on the opposite bank from view, and disclosing only glimpses of the immense mass of water plunging into the gulf below.

Russia has recently organized fifteen thousand public schools.

In 1699 the following edict was published by the Elector of Darmstadt, in view of a total eclipse of the sun:

"His Highness having been informed that on Wednesday morning next, at ten o'clock, a very dangerous eclipse will take place, orders that on the day previous, and a few days afterward, all cattle be kept housed, and to this end ample fodder be provided; the doors and windows of the stalls to be carefully secured, the drinking wells to be covered up, the cellars and garrets guarded, so that the atmosphere may not obtain lodgment, and thus produce infection, because such eclipses frequently occasion whooping-cough, epilepsy, paralysis, fever, and other diseases, against which every precaution should be observed."

Money-making appears to have been equally the mania of all the Rothschilds. It is related of James, who died in Paris in 1868, leaving, according to public rumor, a colossal fortune of £44,800,000, that, foreseeing his death would cause a great fall in the shares of the Lombard Company, of which he was the president and chief support, he speculated largely for the fall just before he died; by which means the immense profits accruing therefrom went to the benefit of his heirs.

Buckwheat cakes are a favorite article for the winter breakfast-table. Properly cooked, they are wholesome for most persons. They abound in heat-giving elements, are nutritious, and keep away hunger longer than almost any other kind of food.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

One evening in company, during conversation, a gentleman quoted the expression that "man proposes and God disposes." "Yes," said a maiden present, "a man proposed to me once; I said no, and have never seen him since; so I thought *somebody* had disposed of him."

A dejected-looking young man, who asked the editor of the Danbury *News* what was the charge for inserting an announcement of the death of his wife, being told that it would be done for nothing, brightened up considerably for one in his affliction, and piously observed that "death had been robbed of half its terrors."

Queen of Spades—A gardener's wife.

Interviewing reporters should wear pumps.

Curran was once asked by one of his brother judges, "Do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?" "Nothing but the head," was the reply.

A negro, after gazing at some Chinese, shook his head and solemnly said, "If de white folks be so dark as dat out dar, I wonder what's de color of de black folks."

When is a horse the lightest?—When he's a ray, Sir.

How blest the man who nothing has!
He careth naught for robbers;
But he who keeps his stock too long
Gets "euchred" by the "jobbers."

A little girl, noticing the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed, "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

A Tight Fit—The delirium tremens.

Art received rather an awkward criticism from a free and easy young man who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus: "Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads!" And this was the artist's reply: "Er—er—not all of 'em—I didn't make yours."

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

The minister who divides his discourses into too many heads will find it difficult to procure attentive ears for all of them.

To keep Potatoes from Freezing—Bake them for breakfast.

Why is a water-lily like a whale?—Because both come to the surface to blow.

A Fiery Steed—Horse-radish.

A party of wits once stopped at a tavern. When the feast was over one of the members called in the hostess. "Angelique," he said, "I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you not heard of the great Platonic year, when every thing must return to its former condition? Know, then, that in sixteen thousand years we shall be here again, on the same day and at the same hour. Will you give us credit till then?" The hostess, however, had her reply. "I am perfectly willing," she retorted; "but it is just sixteen thousand years since you were here before, and you left without paying: settle the old score, and I will trust you on the new."

Self-made men are very apt to worship their maker.

The best Band to Accompany a Lady Vocalist—A husband.

Rogers, the celebrated English poet, said once to a friend that he thought one enjoyed life more at seventy than at seventeen, "for," said he, "then one has all the pleasures of life with none of the early botherments of love," etc. He once visited the botanical gardens with a young friend, who, much delighted with a flower she saw there, said, "Tell me, Mr. Rogers, what is its botanical name?" The wise old poet replied, "Don't ask me, my dear; I love flowers too well to call them names." At a very advanced age he lost his only brother. On this occasion he said to one with whom he was intimate, "He is a great loss to me; he was the only person to whom I was still young."

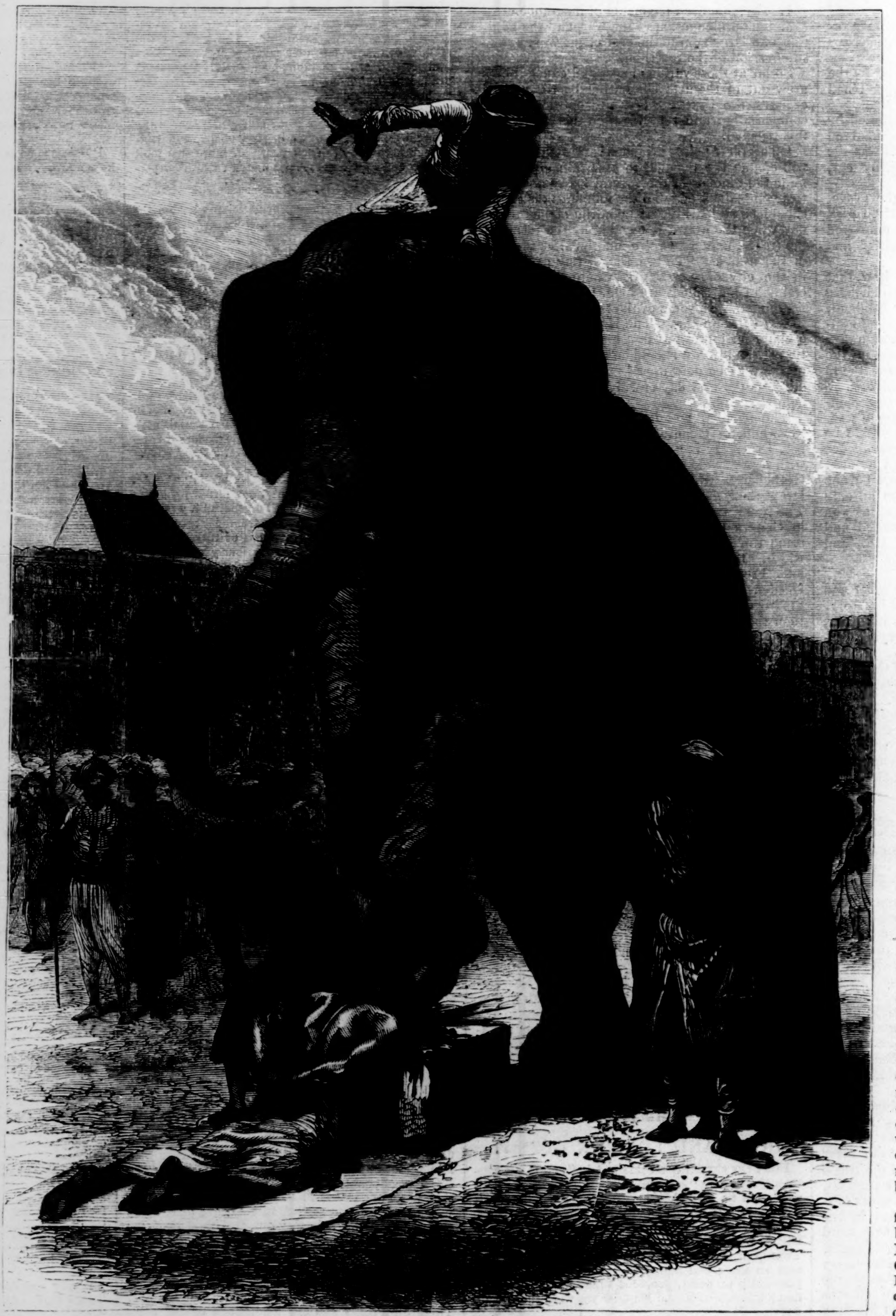
The first Court Circular—King Arthur's round table.

In the Meriden (Connecticut) quarries have been found the foot-prints of gigantic birds, made centuries upon centuries ago, when the sandstone was wet sand. Probably no tracks ever distributed have made more deep and lasting impressions.

EXECUTION BY AN ELEPHANT.

One of the uses to which elephants were sometimes trained in India, when that country was under native rule, was that of public executioner; and the practice is still maintained in some of the provinces which have not yet passed under British or other foreign sway. It is said that these could be trained so as to kill instantly by crushing the victim under foot, or to prolong his sufferings by gradually breaking his limbs, compressing his body within the folds of the trunk, and other methods of torture.

An illustration on this page shows a method of execution which was frequently put in practice. The hands of the condemned criminal were tied behind his back, and he was then attached by a chain to the leg of an elephant. The animal was then driven rapidly through the streets, dragging his victim over the rough ground. If the prisoner was still alive at the end of the course, his head was laid on a stone block, when, with one crushing stamp of his enormous foot, the elephant put an end to the poor creature's misery.



EXECUTION OF A CRIMINAL BY AN ELEPHANT.

BURNING OF A CUBAN VILLAGE.

The lower illustration on this page represents one of those events which signalize the deplorable conflict in the island of Cuba, and which, without exerting much influence on the issue of hostilities, serve to imbitter all parties, to increase the anarchy under which a portion of the island suffers, and to delay the restoration of peace.

The event which forms the subject of the illustration took place several months ago near Manzanillo, where a brave and skillful Cuban leader, **Ignacio Diaz**, was attacked by a Spanish force about equal in point of numbers, but far superior by reason of being more perfectly armed and equipped. The conflict began in the afternoon, and raged about two hours, when the Cubans were forced to retreat. Thanks to the skill and coolness of their leader, the retreat was effected, under cover of darkness, without disorder. Their line of march led them through a large village composed entirely of thatch-roofed buildings; and **Diaz**, knowing that the Spanish commander was expecting to form a junction at that place with a body of cavalry advancing from the left, determined to reach the village first, and by setting it on fire, and escaping by a road leading to the right, not only prevent the junction of the two bodies, but cut off pursuit for some hours. The moment his men had passed through the village it was fired. By this bold stroke, which was perhaps justified by the laws of war, the Cuban leader gained sufficient time to enable him to make good his retreat into one of those mountain fastnesses whither the Spaniards know pursuit to be vain.

The illustration shows the flight from the burning village, the inhabitants and their cattle mixed in inextricable confusion with the soldiery. Scarcely had the flames made sufficient headway to make the road impassable when the Spanish troops arrived at the other side of the town. Seeing that pursuit was out of the question, they contented themselves with throwing shells upon the retreating Cubans.

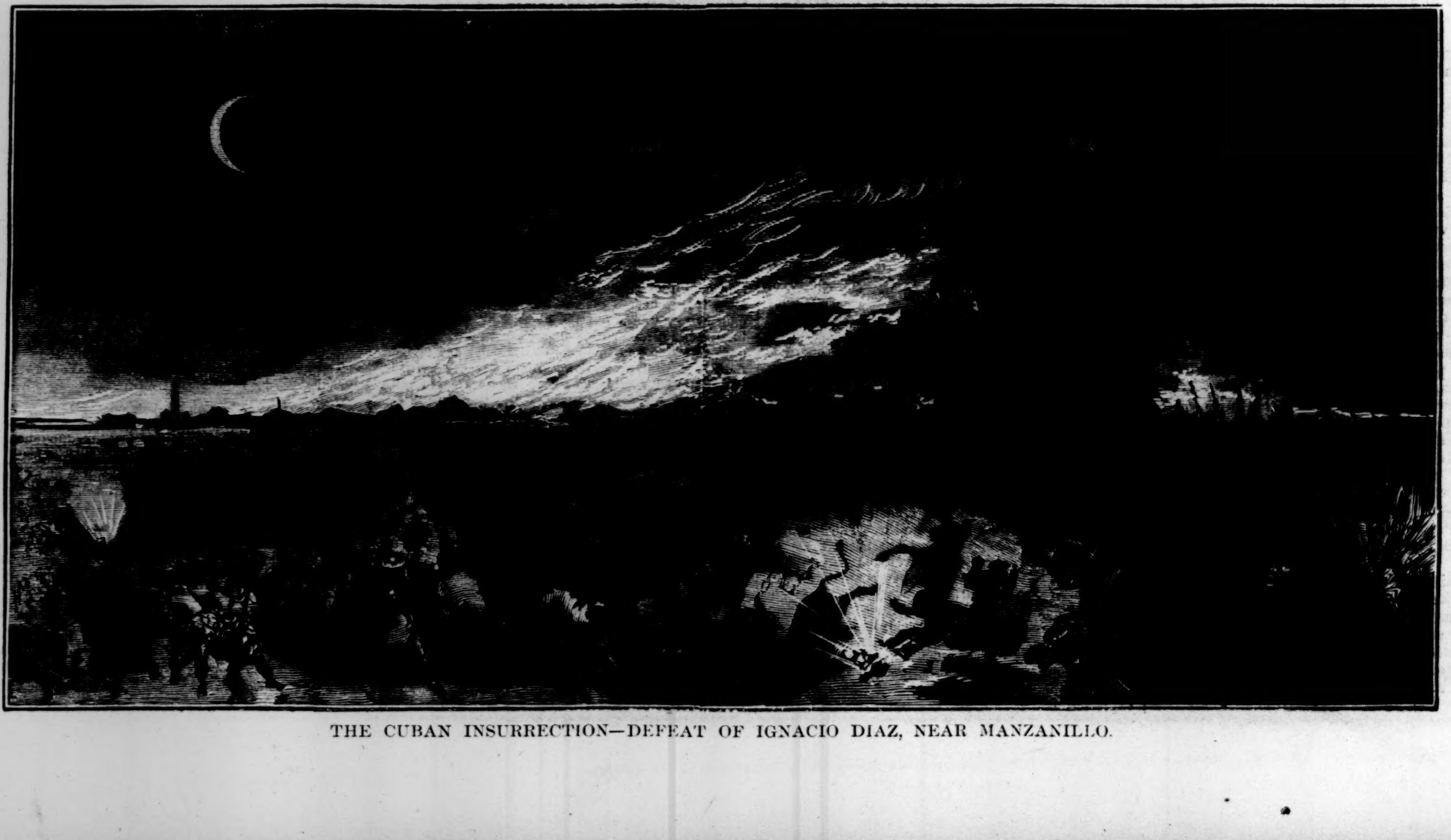
GRAND CENTRAL DÉPÔT.

The views given on pages 104 and 105 will give our readers an accurate idea of the external and internal appearance of the immense structure on Forty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, which serves as a central dépôt for the Hudson River, Harlem, and New Haven railroads. Without much pretension to architectural elegance, it is commodious and well adapted to the purposes for which it was designed, and perhaps we ought not to ask much more from a railroad dépôt.

The building was projected by Commodore **Vanderbilt**, and constructed under the supervision of Mr. W. H. **Vanderbilt**. Ground was broken November 15, 1869, and the dépôt was ready for occupation October 9, 1871. The entire building is 696 feet long and 240 feet wide; the space for the accommodation of trains is 610 feet by 200, the rest of the building being devoted to offices, waiting-rooms, etc. The height of the main body of the dépôt, from the ground to the top of the roof, is 100 feet, while that of the central tower on Forty-second Street is 160 feet to the apex of the roof, and 200 feet to the top of the flag-staff.

The roof of the main body of the structure—the car-house, as it is called—is supported by thirty-one immense and strong iron trusses, each weighing about forty tons. As it would have been extremely difficult to raise such huge masses at once, each truss was lifted to its position in sections by derricks mounted on a movable staging. About eight million pounds of iron were used in the construction of the dépôt, ten million bricks, and 20,000 barrels of cement. There are 80,000 feet of glass in the roof, by which the whole building is abundantly lighted during the daytime, while at night it is brilliantly illuminated by means of the electrical light.

That part of the building which fronts on Forty-second Street is to be occupied by the New York and New Haven Railroad; that on Central Avenue by the Hudson River and Harlem roads. To accommodate the immense number of passengers arriving and departing by these roads there are thirty-



THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—DEFEAT OF IGNACIO DIAZ, NEAR MANZANILLO.

one entrances to the building, and the waiting-rooms are all that could be desired for comfort and convenience. The building is heated by steam, circulated through every part of it by about 75,000 feet of pipe. The union of the three dépôts, by which these railroads have a common terminus in this city, will be of great advantage to the traveling public.

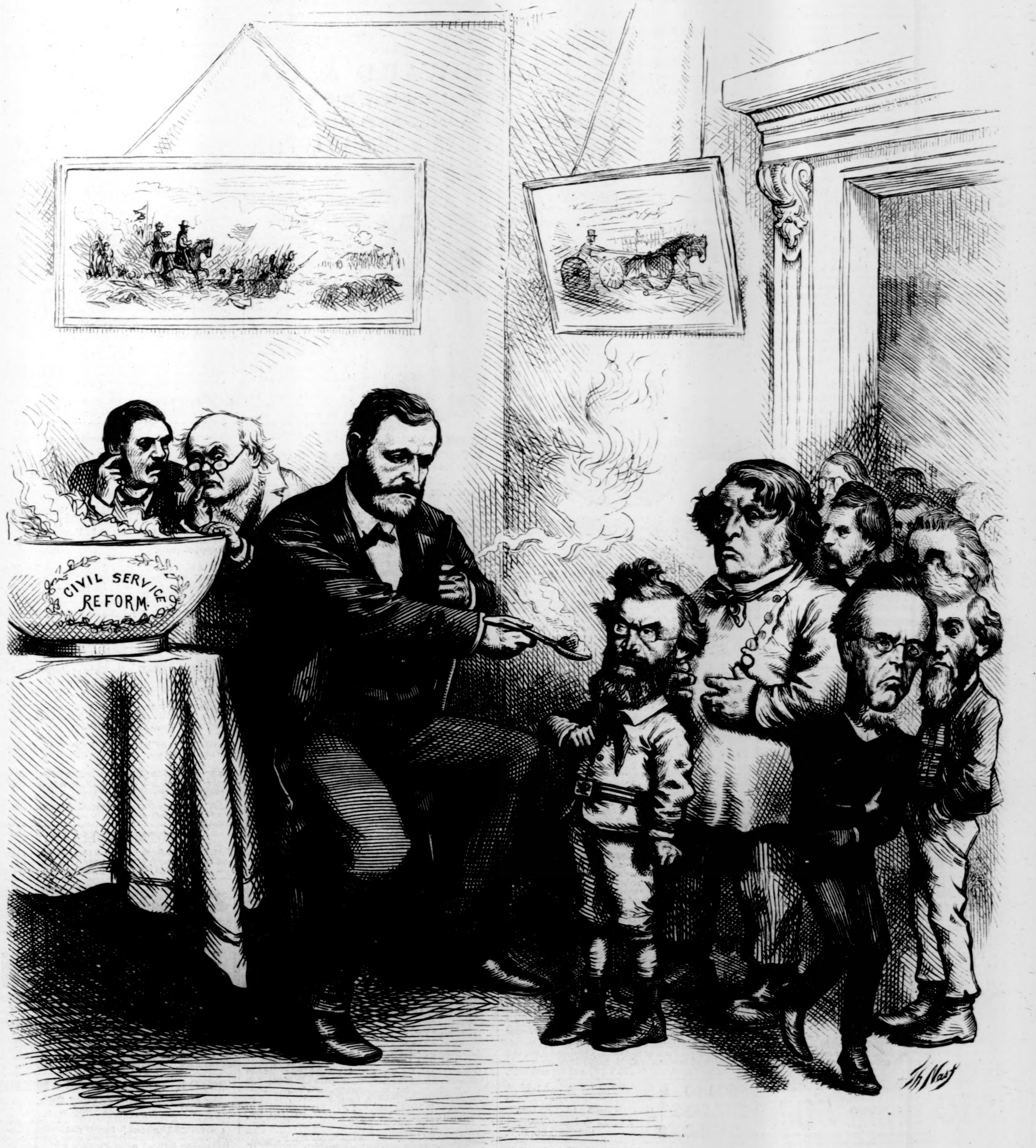
A FEW WORDS ON MONKEYS.

The true monkeys are smaller and more numerous than the apes and baboons. Those with long tails and of common appearance may be inhabitants either of the Old World or of the New, while those with prehensile tails are found in the never-ending forests of the New World. The natural food of monkeys is vegetable—fruit of all kinds, corn, and even grass; but when domesticated they will eat almost any thing that may be given to them. Monkeys exhibit a very striking affection for their young; indeed, both the male and female seem never to tire of fondling their young one—instructing it with much assiduity, and often correcting it severely, if stubborn and disinclined to profit by their example. They may frequently be seen handing it from one to the other, and when the female has done showing her regard, the male takes his turn in the work of affection.

One of the smallest of the monkeys is the little Marmozet, called also Ouistiti (*Facchus vulgaris*), which inhabits Brazil, the body measuring not more than seven inches, though the tail is nearly a foot in length. The weight of this pretty little animal is about six ounces, and, like others of its kind, it lives not only on vegetables, but also on insects, the eggs of birds, and even, it is said, small birds. The face is almost naked, of a swarthy flesh-color, with a white spot above the nose. The long bushy tail is annulated with ash-colored and black rings alternately. The nails are sharp, and the fingers resemble the feet of a squirrel. This monkey is an engaging, curious little creature, and is frequently kept as a pet. Its twinkling black eyes are set off by a tuft of long white hair behind each. Marmozet monkeys are generally very attentive to their young. A pair of them which were kept in Paris many years ago had three young ones, the first born in Europe. The mother was rather careless, and seemed soon to get tired of carrying them about; and when this was the case she would hold out the little creatures to their father, or would playfully put them on his back. The male monkey generally took them in his hands, and nursed and played with them until they became very restless for food, when he gave them back to their mother.

The Lemurs and the Mongoos may be regarded as the connecting link between the monkeys and the true quadrupeds. They have been called lemurs, or ghosts, from their nocturnal habits. They pass a considerable portion of the day in sleep, rolled up like a ball, with their long tails passed between their hind-legs and twisted round their necks. They live in troops more or less numerous, like the apes and the monkeys, on trees; and they climb with great quickness, and leap with so much force as frequently to rise ten feet at a single bound. They feed on fruits, roots, and other things, and they convey the food to their mouths with their hands, like the apes. They are all inhabitants of Madagascar, but allied species are also found in Bengal and other parts of Hindostan, in Ceylon, and in Java.

It may be well to put the reader on his guard as to some of the marvelous accounts of the doings of the monkey family which have been given by travelers, such as the following: That troops of the pigmy ape assemble together, and defend themselves from the attacks of wild carnivorous beasts in the desert by throwing a cloud of sand



"CHILDREN CRY FOR IT."

U. S. G. "IF YOU CAN STAND IT I CAN."

"If bad men have secured places, it has been the fault of the system established by law and custom for making appointments, or the fault of those who recommend for government positions persons not sufficiently well known to them personally, or who give letters indorsing the character of office-seekers without a proper sense of the grave responsibility which such a course devolves upon them. A civil service reform which can correct this abuse is much desired."—Grant's Message.

behind them, thus blinking their pursuers and facilitating their escape. If this extraordinary feat on the part of the pigmy ape were really true, it would argue a faculty in the monkey family far surpassing that of instinct. But who ever saw monkeys in a sandy desert? That apes armed with clubs assault men in the forest; that apes throw fruit at stated distances from orchards into each other's hands; that apes build habitations for themselves; that monkeys preach in the wilderness; that the Pata, or red monkey (perhaps the most wary of all the family, and ever on the alert to escape when man approaches), breaks off branches and throws them at travelers as they pass under the trees, and frequently with so sure an aim as to annoy them not a little; that other monkeys act the part of skillful surgeons, by stopping hemorrhage and by subduing inflammation: these are amusing fables.

If any one should desire to capture a wild young monkey a month or so old to educate as a pet, the only chance of success is to shoot the poor mother; for when stationary, as when in motion, the baby monkey adheres to the mother's body so closely that it requires a keen and an accustomed eye to distinguish it. The mothers may be aptly styled a kind of moving cradle, their fur, or coat of hair, serving as blankets for the little ones in earliest infancy. A fowling-piece should not be used, for nine times out of ten the wounded mother would stay in the clefts of the trees, where she would perish ultimately with her progeny. An arrow poisoned with wourali is the surest weapon, and, with a good aim, in a few minutes the monkey will be lying dead at the feet of the shooter. The wourali poison entirely destroys all tension in the muscles; but a gunshot wound, even though it be mortal, has not such an immediate effect. Thus, by using poisoned arrows, an ill-fated animal's existence is not prolonged under the painful anguish of a deadly gunshot wound.

A LADY,

Returning to her home in the country after a sojourn of a few weeks in the city, was hardly recognized by her friends; in place of a coarse, rustic, flushed face, she had a soft, clear, smooth, and beautiful skin, and instead of thirty, which she was, she really appeared but eighteen. Upon inquiry as to the cause of so great a change, she frankly told them that she had been using Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," and it was this invaluable acquisition to the toilet that made the wonderful change. Sold at all druggists.

Depot, 5 Gold St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

George Anderson's Music is proving a marked success. Every body wants to see his songs, each of which was composed, impromptu, in the time it takes to play it once, yet all are perfect and beautiful.—[*Com.*]

Pyle's O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

Continual dropping out of the hair, with a disagreeable itching of the scalp, prevented, and the scalp made cool and healthy by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[*Com.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine stops falling of the hair.—[*Com.*]

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$10 A DAY TO AGENTS TO SELL THE LIGHTNING SEWER & BUTTON HOLE GUIDE.

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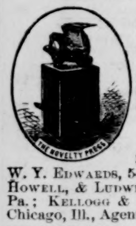

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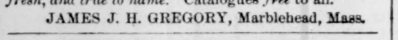

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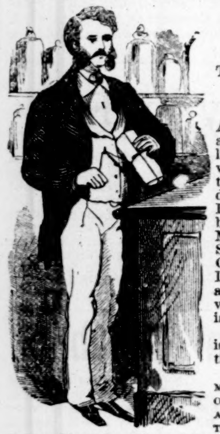

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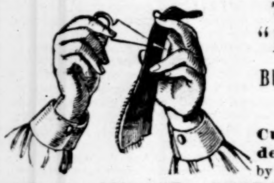

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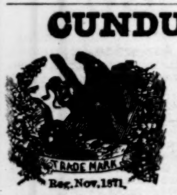

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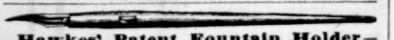

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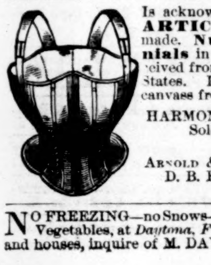

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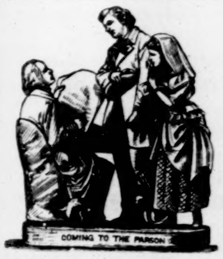

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APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 13
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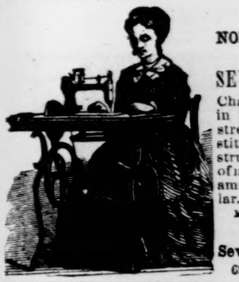

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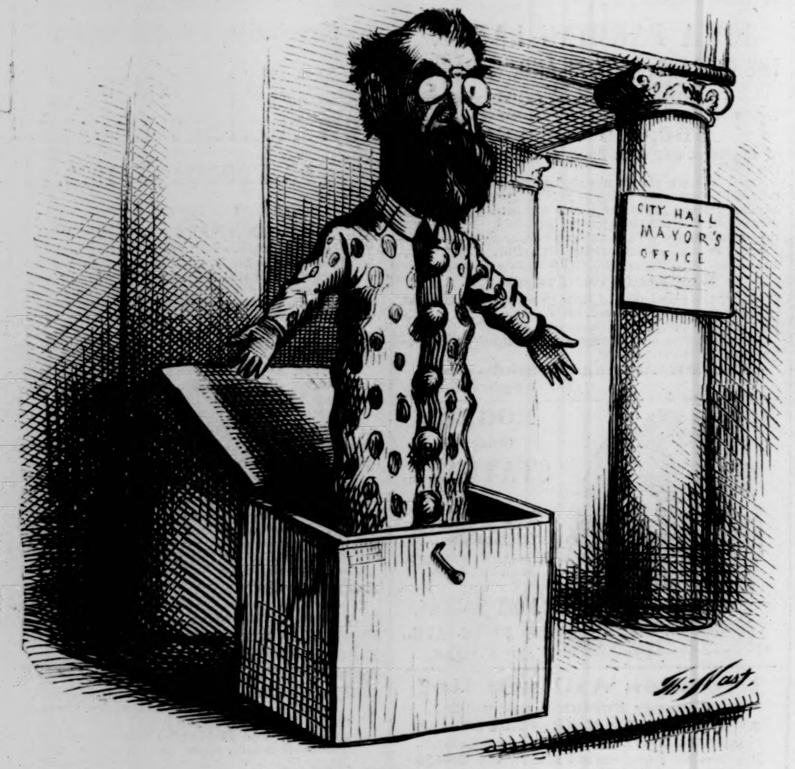

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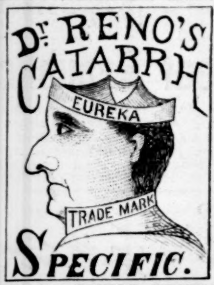

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THE YEAST BEST

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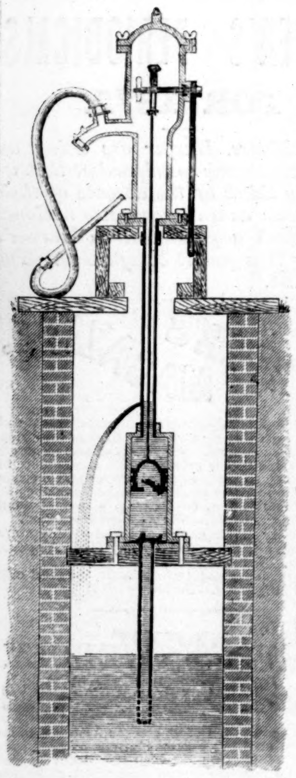

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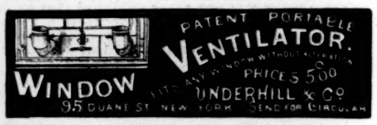

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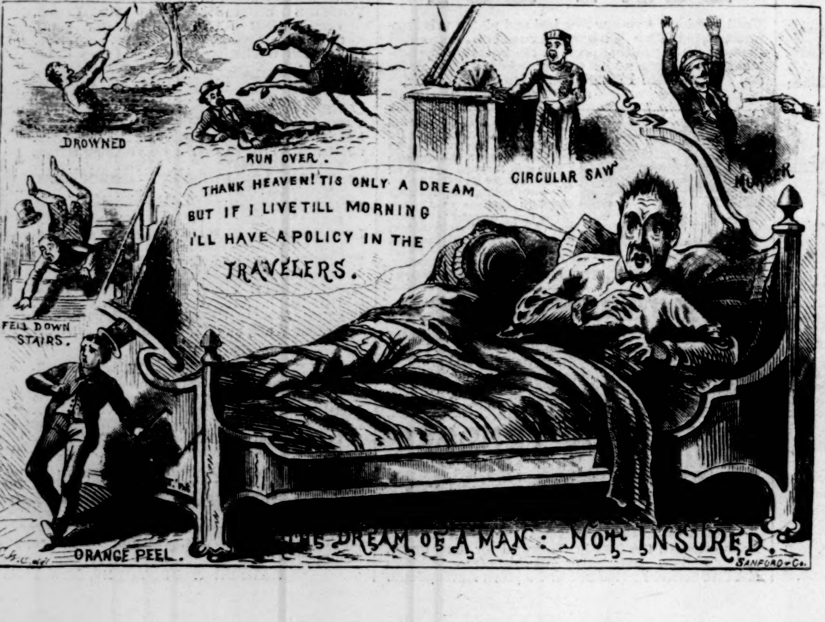
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RUN OVER.
CIRCULAR SAW
MURDER
FELL DOWN STAIRS.
ORANGE PEEL.
THANK HEAVEN! TIS ONLY A DREAM BUT IF I LIVE TILL MORNING I'LL HAVE A POLICY IN THE TRAVELERS.
THE DREAM OF A MAN: NOT INSURED.
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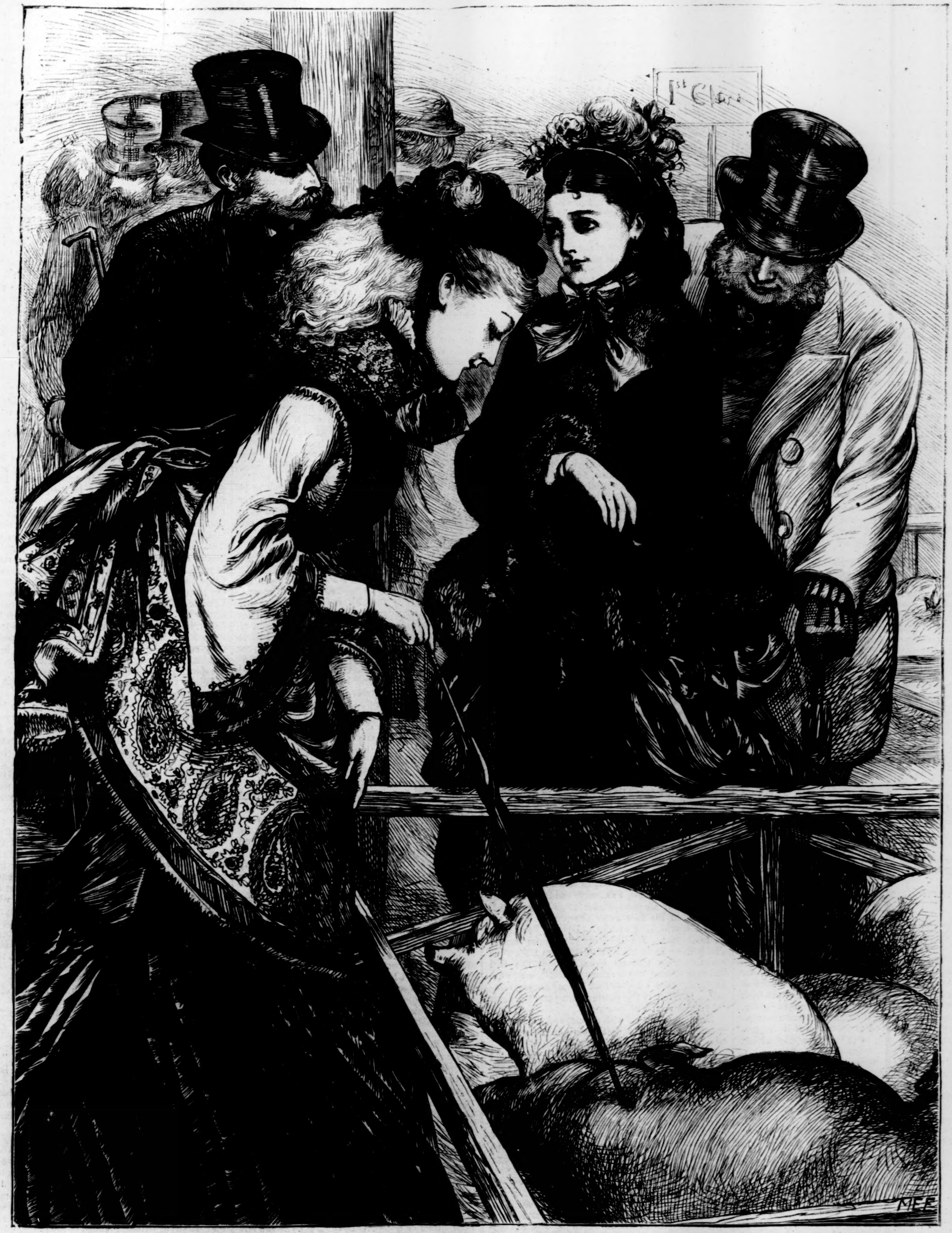


AT THE COUNTY FAIR—PIGS.

AT THE COUNTY FAIR—PIGS.

WHAT can be said or sung in favor of pigs—before they grace the butcher's stall? **CHARLES LAMB** has written sportively upon roast pig, but he probably never saw the creature alive. **DRYDEN**, indeed, introduces pigs into one of the fables which he modernized (and spoiled) from the simple old English of **CHAUCER**, and describes them as joining in the pursuit of Reynard the Fox (running off with Chanticleer in his jaws),

"with many a piteous squeak,
Poor dears! as if their pretty hearts would break."

And genial **LEIGH HUNT** wrote a charming little essay on the "Graces and Anxieties of Pig-driving." As a wild animal the pig commands respect, and his courage and pluck have been celebrated by poets and story-tellers. But as a domestic animal he belongs among the vulgar and unclean tribes. Even when washed and scrubbed for exhibition, and put into a clean pen, there is nothing attractive in the creature; and we fancy the pretty young lady, shown in our illustration as leaning over the railing and poking the obese animal in the sides with her parasol, will turn away the next minute in disgust.

Yet the writer remembers an enthusiastic rural gentleman who once maintained that every creature had some point of beauty, and the pig's was his eye! The assertion was received with a roar of laughter by the by-standers; but the gentleman (an agriculturist of some distinction) silenced the crowd by quietly asking them if they had ever "looked a pig in the eye." As he had made pigs' eyes a study, and they had not, he had rather the best of them.

The only people that appear to love pigs, and not only to tolerate but like their society, are the Irish peasantry. To Jews and Mohammedans they are an abomination, and to eat of their flesh, or even to touch them, would be accounted a sin by the followers of **MOSES** and the Arabian Prophet. But in the shanty he is a favored guest. He may sleep under the bed, or in the middle of the floor, and receives more attention than any "other" member of the family. Of course there are good reasons for this. The pig is well kept because he will keep the family; and if the poor peasant in his native country has no other place to house the creature than his own wretched shanty, the more shame to the system that keeps him in such poverty.

Obstinacy is the chief characteristic of the pig. He seems to do every thing for contrariness. Innumerable anecdotes are told of him founded on his unaccommodating disposition. "That's a fine pig you have there, Pat," said a gentleman to a jolly-looking peasant who was carefully guiding a fat specimen of the tribe before him; "are you driving him to market?" "Whisht, yer honor!" says Pat, with a droll expression of anxiety; "don't let him hear ye say that! I'm desavin' the craythur. If he thought I wanted him to go to the fair, divil a step would he take in that direction." In LEIGH HUNT's essay, already alluded to, we find a humorous story of a pig-driver who had got his uncomfortable charge within a few streets of a London market. It was much, says the genial essayist. "His air announced success in nine parts out of ten, and hope for the remainder. It had been a happy morning's work; he had only to look for the termination of it; and he looked (as a critic of an exalted turn of mind would say) in brightness and in joy. Then would he go to the public-house, and indulge in porter and a pleasing security. Perhaps he would not say much at first, being oppressed with the greatness of his success; but by degrees, especially if interrogated, he would open, like Æneas, into all the circumstances of his journey and the perils that beset him. Profound would be his set out; full of tremor his middle course; high and skillful his progress; glorious, though with a quickened pulse, his triumphant entry. Delicate had been his situation in Duckingpond Row; masterly his turn at Bell Alley. We saw him with the radiance of some such thought on his countenance. He was just entering Long Lane. A gravity came upon him as he steered his touchy convoy into this his last thoroughfare. A dog moved him into a little agitation, darting along; but he resumed his course, not without a happy trepidation, hovering, as he was, on the borders of triumph. The pig still required care. It was evidently a pig with all the peculiar turn of mind of his species; a fellow that would not move faster than he could help; irritable; retrospective; picking objections, and prone to boggle; a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for the alleys.

"He bolts!

"He's off!

"'Oh!' exclaimed the man, dashing his hand against his head, lifting his knee in an agony, and screaming with all the weight of a prophecy which the spectators felt to be too true, '*he'll go up all manner of streets!*'"

If any reader presumes to doubt the accuracy of this description, let him try to drive a pig himself. He will find that Pat had a true insight into piggy's character.

A KISS.

JUST one kiss: two faces met,
But the brows were knit and the cheeks were wet;
Just one kiss—then up and away;
But its mark will last for many a day.

Just one kiss and just one word,
Softly spoken and hardly heard;
Just one word that was said through tears,
And told the story of all the years.

Just one look from the deep dark eyes;
Just one grasp at a glorious prize;
Just one kiss—then up and away:
But ah, such a heavy debt to pay!

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

LUCILLA'S JOURNAL, CONCLUDED.

September 4 (*continued*).—Arrived in the drawing-room, Grosse placed me in a chair near the window. He leaned forward, and looked at me close; he drew back, and looked at me from a distance; he took out his magnifying-glass, and had a long stare through it at my eyes; he felt my pulse, dropped my wrist as if it disgusted him, and, turning to the window, looked out in grim silence, without taking the slightest notice of any one in the room.

My aunt was the first person who spoke, under these discouraging circumstances.

"Mr. Grosse!" she said, sharply. "Have you nothing to tell me about your patient to-day? Do you find Lucilla—"

He turned suddenly round from the window, and interrupted Miss Batchford without the slightest ceremony.

"I find her gone back, back, back!" he growled, getting louder and louder at each repetition of the word. "When I sent her here, I said—'Keep her comfortable-easy.' You have *not* kept her comfortable-easy. Something has turned her poor little mind topsy-turvies. What is it? Who is it?" He looked fiercely backward and forward between Oscar and my aunt—then turned my way, and putting his heavy hands on my shoulders, looked down at me with an odd angry kind of pity in his face. "My childs is melancholic; my childs is ill," he went on. "Where is our goot-dear Pratolungo? What did you tell me about her, my little-lofe, when I last saw you? You said she had gone aways to see her Papa. Send a telegrams and say I want Pratolungo here."

At the repetition of Madame Pratolungo's name Miss Batchford rose to her feet, and stood (apparently) several inches higher than usual.

"Am I to understand, Sir," inquired the old lady, "that your extraordinary language is intended to cast a reproach on my conduct toward my niece?"

"You are to understand this, madam. In the face of the goot sea airs, miss your niece is fretting herself ill. I sent her to this place for to get a rosy face, for to put on a firm flesh. How do I find her? She has got nothing, she has put on nothing—she is emphatically flabby-pale. In this fine airs, she can be flabby-pale but for one reason. She is fretting herself about something or anodder. Is fretting herself goot for her eyes? Ho-damn-damn! it is as bad for her eyes as bad can be. If you can do no better than this, take her aways back again. You are wasting your moneys in this lodgment here."

My aunt addressed herself to me in her grandest manner.

"You will understand, Lucilla, that it is impossible for me to notice such language as this in any other way than by leaving the room. If you can bring Mr. Grosse to his senses, inform him that I will receive his apologies and explanations in writing." Pronouncing these lofty words with her severest emphasis, Miss Batchford rose another inch, and sailed majestically out of the room.

Grosse took no notice of the offended lady: he only put his hands in his pockets, and looked out of window once more. As the door closed, Oscar left the corner in which he had seated himself, not overgraciously, when we entered the room.

"Am I wanted here?" he asked.

Grosse was on the point of answering the question even less amiably than it had been put—when I stopped him by a look. "I want to speak to you," I whispered in his ear. He nodded, and turning sharply to Oscar, put this question to him:

"Are you living in the house?"

"I am staying at the hotel at the corner."

"Go to the hotel, and wait there till I come to you."

Greatly to my surprise, Oscar submitted to be treated in this peremptory manner. He took his leave of me silently, and left the room. Grosse drew a chair close to mine, and sat down by me in a comforting, confidential, fatherly way.

"Now, my goot-girls," he said. "What have you been fretting yourself about since I was last in this house? Open it all, if you please, to Papa Grosse. Come-begin-begin!"

I suppose he had exhausted his ill temper on my aunt and Oscar. He said those words more than kindly—almost tenderly. His fierce eyes seemed to soften behind his spectacles: he took my hand and patted it to encourage me.

There are some things written in these pages of mine which it was, of course, impossible for me to confide to him. With those necessary reservations—and without entering on the painful subject of my altered relations with Madame Pratolungo—I owned quite frankly how sadly changed I felt myself to be toward Oscar, and how much less happy I was with him, in consequence of the change. "I am not ill as you suppose," I explained. "I am only disappointed in myself, and a little downhearted when I think of the future." Having opened it to him in this way, I thought it time to put the question which I had determined to ask when I next saw him.

"The restoration of my sight," I said, "has made a new being of me. In gaining the sense of seeing, have I lost the sense of feeling which I had when I was blind? I want to know if it will come back when I have got used to the novelty of my position? I want to know if I shall ever enjoy Oscar's society again, as I used to enjoy it in the old days before you cured me—the happy days, Papa Grosse, when I was an object of pity, and when all the people spoke of me as Poor Miss Finch?"

I had more to say—but at this place, Grosse (without meaning it, I am sure) suddenly stopped me. To my amazement, he let go of my hand, and turned his face away sharply, as if he resented my looking at him. His big head sank on his breast. He lifted his great hairy hands, shook them mournfully, and let them fall on his knees. This strange behavior and the still stranger silence which accompanied it, made me so uneasy that I insisted on his explaining himself. "What is the matter with you?" I said. "Why don't you answer me?"

He roused himself with a start, and put his arm round me with a wonderful gentleness for a man who was so rough at other times.

"It is nothing, my pretty lofe," he said. "I am out of sort, as you call it. Your English climates sometimes gives your English blue-devil to foreign mens like me. I have got him now—an English blue-devil in a German inside. Soh! I shall go and walk him out, and come back empty-cheerful, and see you again." He rose, after this curious explanation, and attempted some sort of answer—a very odd one—to the question which I had asked of him. "As to that odder thing," he went on, "yes-indeed-yes. You have hit your nail on his head. It is, as you say, your seeings which has got in the way of your feelings. When your seeings-feelings has got used to one anodder, your seeings will stay where he is, your feelings will come back to where they was; one will balance the odder; you will feel as you did; you will see as you didn't, all at the same times, all jolly-nice again as before. You have my opinions. Now let me walk out my blue-devil. I swear to come back again with a new inside. By-by-my-Feench-good-by."

Saying all this in a violent hurry, as if he was eager to get away, he gave me a kiss on the forehead, snatched up his shabby hat, and ran out of the room.

What did it mean?

Does he persist in thinking me seriously ill? I am too weary to puzzle my brains in the effort to understand my dear old surgeon. It is one o'clock in the morning; and I have still to write the story of all that happened later in the day. My eyes are beginning to ache; and, strange to say, I have hardly been able to see the last two or three lines I have written. They look as if the ink was fading from them. If Grosse knew what I am about at this moment! His last words to me, when he went back to his patients in London, were:—"No more readings! no more writings till I come again!" It is all very well to talk in that way. I have got so used to my Journal that I can't do without it. Nevertheless I must stop now—for the best of reasons. Though I have got three lighted candles on my table, I really can not see to write any more.

To bed! to bed!

[*Note.*—I have purposely abstained from interrupting Lucilla's Journal until my extracts from it reached this place. Here the writer pauses and gives me a chance, and here there are matters that must be mentioned of which she had personally no knowledge at the time.

You have seen how her faithful instinct still tries to reveal to my poor darling the cruel deception that is being practiced on her, and still tries in vain. In spite of herself she shrinks from the man who is tempting her to go away with him, though he pleads in the character of her betrothed husband. In spite of herself she detects the weak places in the case which Nugent has made out against me—the absence of sufficient motive for the conduct of which he accuses me, and the utter improbability of my plotting and intriguing (without any thing to gain by it) to make her marry the man who was not the man of her choice. She feels these hesitations and difficulties. But what they really signify it is morally impossible for her to guess.*

Thus far, no doubt, her strange and touching position has been plainly revealed to you. But can I feel quite so sure that you understand how seriously she has been affected by the anxiety, disappointment, and suspense which have combined together to torture her at this critical interval in her life?

I doubt it, for the sufficient reason that you have only had her Journal to enlighten you, and that her Journal shows she does not understand it herself. As things are, it seems to be time for me to step on the stage, and to discover to you plainly what her surgeon really thought of her by telling you what passed between Grosse and Nugent when the German presented himself at the hotel.

I am writing now (as a matter of course) from information given to me, at an after-period, by the persons themselves. As to particulars, the accounts vary. As to results, they both agree.

The discovery that Nugent was at Ramsgate necessarily took Grosse by surprise. With his previous knowledge, however, of the situation of affairs at Dimchurch, he could be at no loss to understand in what character Nugent had presented himself to Lucilla; and he could certainly not fail to understand—after what he had seen and what she had herself told him—that the deception was, under present circumstances, producing the worst possible effect on her mind. Arriving at this conclusion, he was not a man to hesitate about the duty that lay before him. When he entered the room at the hotel in which Nugent was waiting for him, he announced the object of his visit in these four plain words, as follows:

"Pack up and go!"

Nugent coolly offered him a chair, and asked what he meant.

Grosse refused the chair, but consented to explain himself in terms variously reported by the two parties. Combining the statements, and translating Grosse (in this grave matter) into plain English, I find that the German must have expressed himself in these or nearly in these words:

"As a professional man, Mr. Nugent, I invariably refuse to enter into domestic considerations connected with my patients with which I have nothing to do. In the case of Miss Finch my business is not with your family complications. My business is to secure the recovery of the young lady's sight. If I find her health improving I don't inquire how or why. No matter what private and personal frauds you may be practicing upon her, I have nothing to say to them—more, I am ready to take advantage of them myself—so long as their influence is directly beneficial in keeping her morally and physically in the condition in which I wish her to be. But the instant I discover that this domestic conspiracy of yours—this personation of your brother, which once quieted and comforted her—is unfavorably affecting her health of body and peace of mind, I interfere between you in the character of her medical attendant, and stop it on medical grounds. You are producing in my patient a conflict of feeling which, in a nervous temperament like hers, can not go on without serious injury to her health. And serious injury to her health means serious injury to her eyes. I won't have that—I tell you plainly to pack up and go. I meddle with nothing else. After what you have yourself seen, I leave you to decide whether you will restore your brother to Miss Finch or not. All I say is, Go. Make any excuse you like, but go before you have done more mischief. You shake your head! Is that a sign that you refuse? Take a day to think before you make up your mind. I have patients in London to whom I am obliged to go back. But the day after to-morrow I shall return to Ramsgate. If I find you still here, I shall tell Miss Finch you are no more Oscar Dubourg than I am. In her present state, I see less danger in giving her even that serious shock than in leaving her to the slow torment of mind which you are inflicting by your continued presence in this place. My last word is said. I go back by the next train in an hour's time. Good-morning, Mr. Nugent. If you are a wise man, you will meet me at the station."

After this the accounts vary. Nugent's statement asserts that he accompanied Grosse on his way back to Miss Batchford's lodging, arguing the matter with him, and only leaving him at the door of the house. Grosse's statement, on the other hand, makes no allusion to this. The disagreement between them is, however, of no consequence here. It is admitted, on either side, that the result of the interview was the same. When Grosse took the train for London, Nugent Dubourg was not at the station. The next entry in the Journal shows that he remained that day and night, at least, at Ramsgate.

You now know, from the narrative of the surgeon's own proceedings, how seriously he thought of his patient's case, and how firmly he did his duty as an honorable man. Having given you this necessary information, I again retire, and leave Lucilla to take up the next link in the chain of events.—P.]

September 5. *Six o'clock in the morning.*—A few hours of restless, broken sleep, disturbed by horrid dreams, and waking over and over again with startings that seemed to shake me from head to foot. I can bear it no longer. The sun is rising. I have got up—and here I am at the writing-table, trying to finish the long story of yesterday, still uncompleted in my Journal.

I have just been looking at the view from my window, and I notice one thing which has struck me. The mist this morning is the thickest mist I have yet seen here.

The sea view is almost invisible, it is so dim and dull. Even the objects about me in my room are nothing like so plain as usual. The mist is stealing in, no doubt, through my open window. It gets between me and my paper, and obliges me to bend down close over the page to see what I am about. When the sun is higher, things will be clear again. In the mean time I must do as well as I can.

Grosse came back after his walk as mysterious as ever.

He was quite peremptory in ordering me not to overtask my eyes—forbidding reading and writing, as I have already mentioned. But when I asked for his reasons, he had, for the first time in my experience of him, no reasons to give. I have the less scruple about disobeying him on that account. Still I am a little uneasy, I confess, when I think of his strange behavior yesterday. He looked at me, in the oddest way, as if he saw something in my face which he had never seen before. Twice he took his leave, and twice he returned, doubtful whether he would not remain at Ramsgate, and let his patients in London take care of themselves. His extraordinary indecision was put an end to at last by the arrival of a telegram which had followed him from London—an urgent message, I suppose, from one of the patients. He went away in a bad temper and a violent hurry, and told me, at the door, to expect him back on the sixth.

When Oscar came, later, there was another surprise for me.

Like Grosse, he was not himself—he too behaved strangely! First, he was so cold and so silent that I thought he was offended. Then he went straight to the other extreme, and became so loudly talkative, so obstreperously cheerful, that my aunt asked me privately whether I did not suspect (as she did) that he had been taking too much wine. It ended in his trying to sing to my accompaniment on the piano, and in his breaking down. He walked away to the other end of the room without explanation or apology. When I followed him there, a little while after, he had a look that indescribably distressed me—a look as if he had been crying. Toward the end of the evening my aunt fell asleep over her book, and gave us a chance of speaking to each other in a little second room which opens out of the drawing-room in this house. It was I who took the chance—not he. He was so incomprehensibly unwilling to go into the room and speak to me that I had to do a very unlady-like thing: I mean that I had to take his arm and lead him in myself, and entreat him (in a whisper) to tell me what was the matter with him.

"Only the old complaint," he answered.

I made him sit down by me on a little old-fashioned couch that just held two.

"What do you mean by the old complaint?" I asked.

"Oh! you know!"

"I *don't* know."

"You would know if you really loved me."

"Oscar! it is a shame to say that. It is a shame to doubt that I love you!"

"Is it? Ever since I have been here I have doubted that you love me. It is getting to be an old complaint of mine now. I still suffer a little sometimes. Don't notice it!"

He was so cruel and so unjust that I got up to leave him without saying a word more. But, oh! he looked so forlorn and so submissive—sitting with his head down, and his hands crossed listlessly over his knees—that I could not find it in my heart to treat him harshly. Was I wrong? I don't know! I have no idea how to manage men—and no Madame Pratolungo now to teach me. Right or wrong, it ended in my sitting down by him again in the place which I had just left.

"You ought to beg my pardon," I said, "for thinking of me as you think, and talking to me as you talk."

"I do beg your pardon," he answered, humbly. "I am sorry if I have offended you."

How could I resist that? I put my hand on his shoulder, and tried to make him lift up his head and look at me.

"You will always believe in me in the future?" I went on. "Promise me that."

"I can promise to try, Lucilla. As things are now, I can promise no more."

"As things are now? You are speaking in riddles to-night. Explain yourself."

"I explained myself this morning on the pier."

Surely this was hard on me—after he had promised to give me till the end of the week to consider his proposal! I took my hand off his shoulder. He, who never used to displease or disappoint me when I was blind, had displeased and disappointed me for the second time in a few minutes!

"Do you wish to force me?" I asked. "After telling me this morning that you would give me time to reflect?"

He rose, on his side, languidly and mechanically, like a man who neither knew nor cared what he was doing.

"Force you?" he repeated. "Did I say that? I don't know what I am talking about; I don't know what I am doing. You are right and I am wrong. I am a miserable wretch, Lucilla—I am utterly unworthy of you. It would be better for you if you never saw me again!" He paused, and, taking me by both hands, looked earnestly and sadly into my face. "Good-night, my dear!" he said, and suddenly dropped my hands, and turned away to go out.

I stopped him. "Going already?" I said. "It is not late yet."

"It is best for me to go."

"Why?"

"I am in wretched spirits. It is better for me to be by myself."

"Don't say that! It sounds like a reproach to *me*."

"On the contrary, it is all my fault. Good-night!"

I refused to say good-night; I refused to let him go. His wanting to go was in itself a reproach to me. He had never done it before. I asked him to sit down again.

He shook his head.

"For ten minutes!"

He shook his head again.

"For five minutes!"

Instead of answering, he gently lifted a long lock of my hair which hung at the side of my neck. (My head, I should add, had been dressed that evening on the old-fashioned plan by my aunt's maid—to please my aunt.)

"If I stay five minutes longer," he said, "I shall ask for something."

"For what?"

"You have beautiful hair, Lucilla."

"You can't want a lock of my hair, surely?"

"Why not?"

"I gave you a keepsake of that sort—ages ago. Have you forgotten it?"

[*Note.*—The keepsake had of course been given to the true Oscar, and was then, as it is now, still in his possession. Notice, when he recovers himself, how quickly the false Oscar infers this, and how cleverly he founds his excuse upon it.—P.]

His face flushed deep, his eyes dropped before mine. I could see that he was ashamed of himself; I could only conclude that he *had* forgotten it! A morsel of *his* hair was, at that moment, in a locket which I wore round my neck. I had more reason, I think, to doubt him than he had to doubt me. I was so mortified that I stepped aside, and made way for him to go out.

"You wish to go away," I said; "I won't keep you any longer."

It was his turn now to plead with *me*.

"Suppose I have been deprived of your keepsake?" he said. "Suppose somebody whom I would rather not mention has taken it away from me?"

I instantly understood him. His miserable brother had taken it. My work-basket was close by. I cut off a lock of my hair, and tied it at each end with a morsel of my favorite light blue ribbon.

"Are we friends again, Oscar?" was all I said as I put it into his hand.

He caught me in his arms in a kind of frenzy—holding me to him so violently that he hurt me; kissing me so fiercely that he frightened me. Before I had recovered breath enough to speak to him he had released me, and had gone out in such headlong haste that he knocked down a little round table with books on it, and woke my aunt.

The old lady called for me in her most formidable voice, and showed me the family temper in its sourest aspect. Grosse had gone back to London without making any apology to her, and Oscar had knocked down her books. The indignation aroused by these two outrages called loudly for a victim—and (no one else being near at the moment) selected Me. Miss Batchford discovered for the first time that she had undertaken too much in undertaking to take the sole charge of her niece at Ramsgate.

"I decline to assume the entire responsibility," said my aunt. "At my age, the entire responsibility is too much for me. I shall write to your father, Lucilla. I always did, and always shall, detest him, as you know. His views on politics and religion are (in a clergyman) simply detestable. Still he *is* your father; and it is a duty on my part, after what that rude foreigner has said about your health, to offer to restore you to your father's roof—or, at least, to obtain your father's sanction to your continuing to remain under my care. This course, in either case, you will observe, relieves me from the entire responsibility. I am doing nothing to compromise my position. My position is quite plain to me. I should have formally accepted your father's hospitality on the occasion of your wedding, if I had been well enough, and if the wedding had taken place. It follows as a matter of course that I may formally report to your father what the medical opinion is of your health. However brutally it may have been given, it *is* a medical opinion—and as such I am bound to communicate it."

Knowing but too well how bitterly my aunt's aversion to him is reciprocated by my father, I did my best to combat Miss Batchford's resolution, without making matters worse by telling her what my motives really were. With some difficulty I prevailed on her to defer the proposed report of me for a day or two—and we parted for the night (the old lady's fits of temper are soon over) as good friends as usual.

This little episode in the history of the evening diverted my mind for the time from Oscar's strange conduct yesterday evening. But once up here by myself in my own room, I have been thinking of it, or dreaming of it (such horrid dreams!—I can not write them down!), almost incessantly from that time to this. When we meet again to-day, how will he look? what will he say?

He was right yesterday. I *am* cold to him; there *is* some change in me toward him which I don't understand myself. My conscience accuses me now I am alone—and yet, God knows, it is not my fault. Poor Oscar! Poor me!

I have never longed to see him, since we met at this place, as I long now. He sometimes comes to breakfast. Will he come to breakfast to-day?

Oh, how my eyes ache! and how obstinately the mist stops in the room! Suppose I close the window, and go back to bed again for a little while?

Nine o'clock.—The maid came in half an hour since and woke me. She went to open the window as usual. I stopped her.

"Is the mist gone?" I asked.

The girl started. "What mist, miss?"

"Haven't you seen it?"

"No, miss."

"What time did you get up?"

"At seven, miss."

At seven I was still writing in my Journal, and the mist was still over every thing in the room. Persons in the lower ranks of life are curiously unobservant of the aspects of Nature. I never (in the days of my blindness) got any information from servants or laborers about the views round Dimchurch. They seemed to have no eyes for any thing beyond the range of the kitchen or the plowed field. I got out of bed, and took the maid myself to the window, and opened it.

"There!" I said. "It is not quite so thick as it was some hours since. But there is the mist as plain as can be!"

The girl looked backward and forward in a state of bewilderment between me and the view.

"Mist?" she repeated. "Begging your pardon, miss, it's a beautiful clear morning—as I see it."

"Clear?" I repeated, on my side.

"Yes, miss."

"Do you mean to tell me it's clear over the sea?"

"The sea is a beautiful blue, miss. Far and near you can see the ships."

"Where are the ships?"

She pointed out of the window to a certain spot.

"There are two of them, miss. A big ship with three masts. And a little ship, just behind, with one."

I looked along her finger, and strained my eyes to see. All I could make out was a dim, grayish mist, with something like a little spot or blur on it at the place which the maid's finger indicated as the position occupied by the two ships.

The idea struck me for the first time that the dimness which I had attributed to the mist was, in plain truth, the dimness in my own eyes. For the moment I was a little startled. I left the window, and made the best excuse that I could to the girl. As soon as it was possible to dismiss her I sent her away, and bathed my eyes with one of Grosse's lotions, and then tried them again in writing this entry. To my relief, I can see to write better than I did earlier in the morning. Still I have had a warning to pay a little more attention to Grosse's directions than I have hitherto done. Is it possible that he saw something in the state of my eyes which he was afraid to tell me of? Nonsense! Grosse is not the sort of man who shrinks from speaking out. I have fatigued my eyes—that is all. Let me shut up my book, and go down stairs to breakfast.

Ten o'clock.—For a moment I open my Journal.

Something has happened which I must positively set down in this history of my life. I am so vexed and so angry! The maid (wretched, chattering fool) has told my aunt what passed between us this morning at my window. Miss Batchford has taken the alarm, and has insisted on writing not only to Grosse, but to my father. In the present imbittered state of my father's feeling against my aunt, he will either leave her letter unanswered, or he will offend her by an angry reply. In either case I shall be the sufferer: my aunt's sense of injury—which can not address itself to my father—will find a convenient object to assail in *me*. I shall never hear the last of it. Being already nervous and dispirited, the prospect of finding myself involved in a new family quarrel quite daunts me. I feel ungratefully inclined to run away from Miss Batchford when I think of it!

No signs of Oscar; and no news of Oscar—yet.

Twelve o'clock.—But one trial more was wanted to make my life here quite unendurable. The trial has come.

A letter from Oscar (sent by messenger from his hotel) has just been placed in my hands. It informs me that he has decided on leaving Ramsgate by the next train. The next train starts in forty minutes. Good God! what am I to do?

My eyes are burning. I know it does them harm to cry. How can I help crying? It is all over between us if I let Oscar go away alone—his letter as good as tells me so. Oh, why have I behaved so coldly to him? I ought to make any sacrifice of my own feelings to atone for it. And yet there is an obstinate something in me that shrinks. What am I to do? what am I to do?

I must drop the pen, and try if I can think. My eyes completely fail me. I can write no more.

[*Note.*—I copy the letter to which Lucilla refers.

Nugent's own assertion is that he wrote it in a moment of remorse, to give her an opportunity of breaking the engagement by which she innocently supposed herself to be held to him. He declared that he honestly believed the letter would offend her when he wrote it. The other interpretation of the document is that, finding himself obliged to leave Ramsgate—under penalty (if he remained) of being exposed by Grosse as an impostor when the surgeon visited his patient on the next day—Nugent seized the opportunity of making his absence the means of working on Lucilla's feelings so as to persuade her to accompany him to London. Don't ask me which of these two conclusions I favor. For reasons which you will understand when you have come to the end of my narrative, I would rather not express my opinion either one way or the other.

Read the letter, and decide for yourselves:

"MY DARLING,—After a sleepless night, I have decided on leaving Ramsgate by the next train that starts after you receive these lines. Last night's experience has satisfied me that my presence here (after what I said to you on the pier) only distresses you. Some influence that is too strong for you to resist has changed your heart toward me. When the time comes for you to determine whether you will be my wife on the conditions that I have proposed, I see but too plainly that you will say No. Let me make it less hard for you, my love, to do that by leaving you to write the word, instead of saying it to me. If you wish for your freedom, cost me what it may, I will absolve you from your engagement. I love you too dearly to blame you. My address in London is on the other leaf. Farewell! OSCAR."

The address given on the blank leaf is at a hotel.

A few lines more in the Journal follow the lines last quoted in this place. Except a word or two here and there, it is impossible any longer to decipher the writing. The mischief done to her eyes by her reckless use of them, by her fits of crying, by her disturbed nights, by the long-continued strain on her of agitation and suspense, has evidently justified the worst of those unacknowledged forebodings which Grosse felt when he saw her. The last lines of the Journal are, as writing, actually inferior to her worst writing in the days when she was blind.

However, the course which she ended in taking on receipt of the letter which you have just read is sufficiently indicated by a note of Nugent's writing, left at Miss Batchford's residence at Ramsgate by a porter from the railway. After-events make it necessary to preserve this note also. It runs thus:

"MADAM,—I write, by Lucilla's wish, to beg that you will not be anxious on discovering that your niece has left Ramsgate. She accompanies me, at my express request, to the house of a married lady who is a relative of mine, and under whose care she will remain until the time arrives for our marriage. The reasons which have led to her taking this step, and which oblige her to keep her new place of residence concealed for the present, will be frankly stated to you and to her father on the day when we are man and wife. In the mean time Lucilla begs that you will excuse her abrupt departure, and that you will be so good as to send this letter on to her father. Both you and he will, I hope, remember that she is of an age to act for herself, and that she is only hastening her marriage with a man to whom she has been long engaged with the sanction and approval of her family.—Believe me, madam, your faithful servant,

"OSCAR DUBOURG."

This letter was delivered at luncheon-time—almost at the moment when the servant had announced to her mistress that Miss Finch was nowhere to be found, and that her traveling-bag had disappeared from her room. The London train had then started. Miss Batchford, having no right to interfere, decided—after consultation with a friend—on at once traveling to Dimchurch and placing the matter in Mr. Finch's hands.—P.]

HOW AND WHERE TOYS ARE MADE.

IN these days, when a cent or two is the regulation price for the toys of the breaking age, when a Noah's ark, with a larger collection of animals than can be found in a real menagerie, can be purchased for that small price, our young readers may like to know where they possibly can be made.

As a general rule, we are too much engaged in the solid business of life to find employment for these trifles—trifles only in a manufacturing point of view, however, for to children these trifles are a real matter of education as well as of pleasure. What would a nursery be without its toys? What grim old men and sulky old women we should grow if there were no such things as toys to supply the poetry of life, and to give pleasure and excitement to the dry routine of the school-room—trifles which play with the mind before the hard toil of the world comes upon us!

Where trees can be had almost for the cutting down, there is the land where toys spring up so freely that the very poorest are enabled to enjoy them. It may be imagined that to cut out every animal and properly shape it with a knife would be quite impossible at the price. Some wholesale process of construction is devised, and that is found in the common lathe. In the woods of Germany, where the pine-trees may be had for twopence apiece, the raw material is found; and here, where labor is cheap and divided among little children, the workmen, if we may call them so, are found. Here the dim, shadowy woods are changed into the laughter-giving toys, which brighten up the eyes and make merry the hearts of the other little children of the Old and the New World.

Let us see how ingeniously, for instance, a whole troop of horses can be produced in the course of a few minutes. A few cuts of the lathe tool turns a piece of wood into a circular form, which, upon a casual inspection, looks more like one of those rings of bread which we see in Continental towns than a preparation for a toy. Upon making a section of one of these turned rings, however, the true outline of the animal required is shown.

This circular piece of wood has only to be cut in a number of segments, and the troop is made in the rough; and the horses have only to be rounded, and the space between their legs cut out, and they become well-proportioned steeds. This work is done by little children, who also add the tails. Elephants, cows, and the whole range of four-legged animals are produced in the same mechanical manner. The lathesman does his work almost mechanically by means of a steel model guide, which directs his tool without his even having to think of what he is doing. In the same way Noah and all his family are turned upon a single piece of wood, the feet of one touching the head of the other, and they have only to be cut off from each other to represent the family from whom the whole generation of men has sprung. These animals are roughly painted, and packed in their respective arks, and when completed cost only a couple of cents!

Military toys mainly come from France and Germany. In the former country they probably serve as a sort of elementary training to fire the war spirit of the nation. Hesse-Cassel provides the suits of armor, the breastplates, cuirasses, helmets, and guns, and in Prussia are made the pretty little models of ships and other interiors, with their appropriate fittings. These are modeled of *papier-maché*, and, singularly enough, they are made by prisoners under penal servitude—a far better occupation than the ordinary employments and rough labors to which our prisoners are put. The artistic manner in which they are made speaks well for the educational training given to the people in that country. In some of the German states schools are established for the purpose of giving an art education for the manufacture of toys, and many of their productions are quite elegant, and some people would think almost too good for the rough play of children. This, however, is a mistaken idea; for there can be no better method of familiarizing the young with beauty of form than by putting well-formed toys into their hands. Nothing makes such an impression upon them as their playthings; they learn what is beautiful thereby instinctively when their minds are most vivid: an education this, by-the-bye, which is of the utmost importance in this country, where the useful has starved the appreciation of the beautiful to a lamentable degree.

Leaden toys, such as soldiers in boxes, also come from Prussia and Bavaria. They are cast in moulds, a whole regiment at a time, and are separated afterward and colored by children. From the quaint old city of Nuremberg come the metal toys, such as omnibuses, carts, and steam-vessels, brightly colored. It seems strange that ships should come from an inland city, but boys all over the world are passionately fond of the sea and the craft belonging to it, so that it matters little where they are made. But it is to be observed that these German models are of a very antiquated pattern: the steamships look more like Noah's arks than the trim-built vessels of sea-going nations. In London a trade has sprung up which to the well-to-do abolishes the use of the boy's clasp-knife in the occupation to which he most loves to put it—the cutting out of his ship model. Beautiful specimens of craft, from the boat up to a three-master, can now be purchased in the shops, with all the proper fittings, such as steering-wheels, anchors, compasses, and in steamers even the engines to move them.

In the matter of machinery our boys are now being introduced to a new delight. There is scarcely an optician's window in town that is not supplied with model steam-engines, locomotives, and fire-engines that are actually worked by steam. These can scarcely be called toys in the ordinary sense of the word; at all events, they are toys to be carefully conserved instead of broken. Beautifully constructed, they are made to take to pieces. Books of instruction are sold to teach the young engineer how to build them up; rough castings are sold in order that they may finish them; and just as military playthings are sold in France to bring up young soldiers, these beautiful models serve in the United States to train up young engineers—one of the great wants of our country. We admit, however, that these are specialties, and are only suitable for special minds.

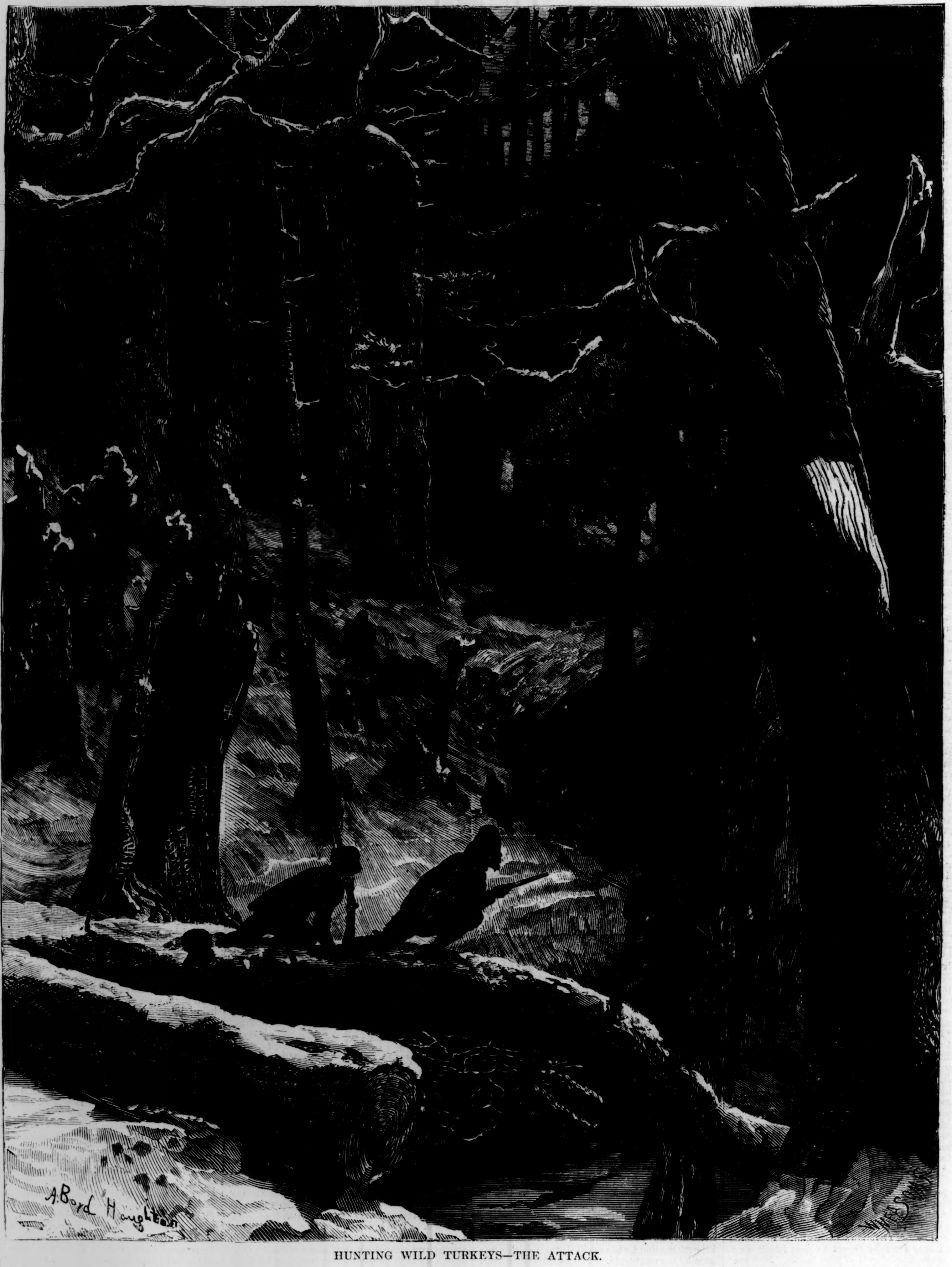
The implements of real play remain pretty much as they were in the days of the old boys, with the exception that they are, as a rule, not so roughly constructed. The old wooden hoop has given place to the iron-wire hoop, the tops are now also of metal, the balls are of gutta-percha. As a rule, it seems as though in the play-ground—with the exception of the public schools—the play is not so robust as it was in the days of the old boys; but the athletic sports of young men, on the other hand, are more thorough: base-ball is a real fight, and cricket is so fierce that the batsman has to be protected with armor.

HUNTING WILD TURKEYS.

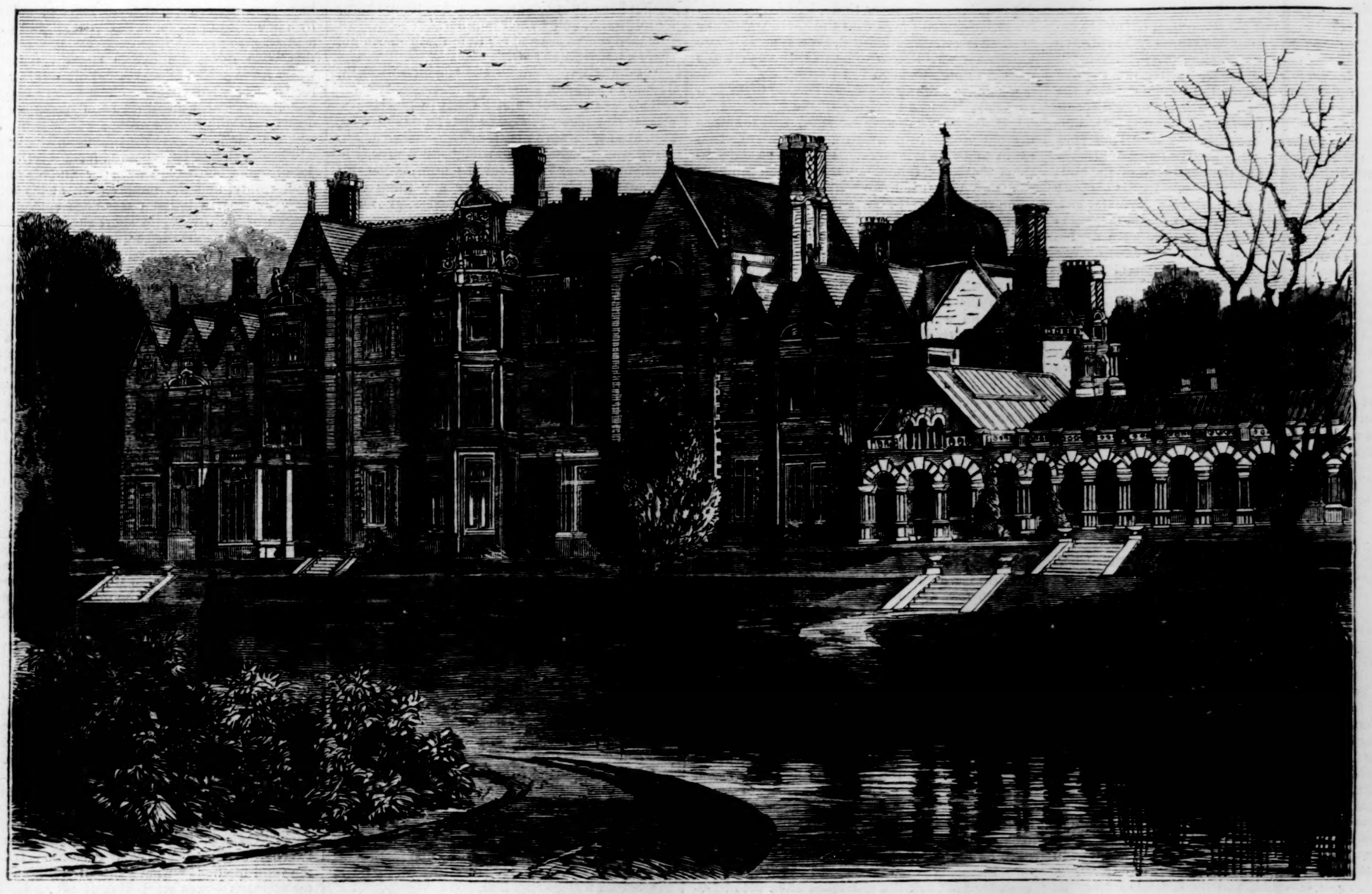
These pictures record an episode in the experience of an English artist who came out to this country a couple of years ago to do up American life and manners in the style which is supposed to be peculiarly pleasing to certain classes of his own countrymen. He was not quite so green as the valiant Briton who prepared for landing in New York by sticking his belt full of revolvers as a protection against the savage and bloodthirsty aborigines, nor did he expect to go buffalo-hunting in Westchester County, or to hear the Indian war-whoop break upon the midnight air in Broadway; but he either willfully perverted every thing that he saw, or else had a singular faculty for seeing what was not observable to ordinary eyes in the manners and costumes of American society. Where his prejudices were not involved, however, his pictures are effective and truthful, especially in the rendering of scenery.

In explanation of the illustration on this page he states that when in Michigan he started with several companions to shoot wild turkeys. He was armed with a wonderful three-barrel gun (two shot, with rifle below), while his companions each carried the ordinary single-barrel rifle. "We unfortunately sallied forth," he says, "without dogs, and pounded along the corduroy road till we came to a likely place, skulked into the woods, and did our best, which was simply fun for the turkeys, as, without dogs to start them out of their hiding-places, they lie as close and still as hares. If you do get a shot, however, the turkeys take to the nearest trees, and then you can blaze away *ad libitum*." The charred stumps shown in our illustration of the forest scene are the result of the autumn fires. The Indian name for turkeys is "oocoocoos." It will probably never supersede the common appellation, which, as we stated in a recent number of the *Weekly*, was given in consequence of the supposed Turkish origin of this American bird.

The lower illustration on page 117 shows the retreat of the discomfited sportsmen, while the triumphant turkeys, cautiously stretching their necks round the tree trunk to catch a parting glimpse of their baffled enemies, chuckle to themselves over their superior adroitness, and prepare for a quiet night among the branches.



HUNTING WILD TURKEYS—THE ATTACK.



VIEW OF SANDRINGHAM HALL, FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

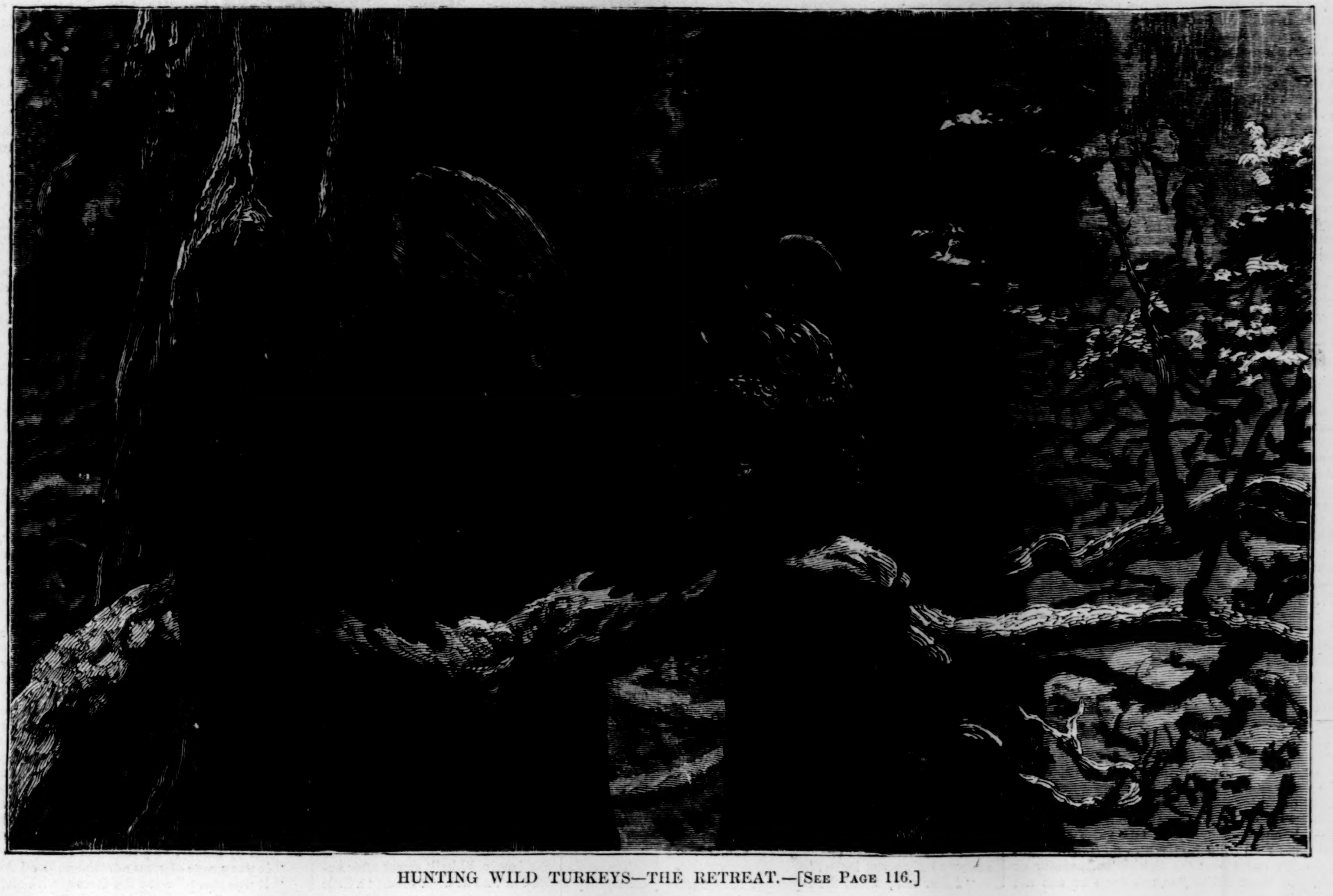
SANDRINGHAM HALL.

BEFORE the Prince of Wales selected Sandringham Hall as his residence few parts of England were less known than this northwest corner of the county of Norfolk. The Hall stands in a small and very pretty village of the same name, about a mile from the nearest railway station. The walk in summer is said to be very beautiful. Half a mile from the station the road climbs a high hill, from the summit of which an extensive view is obtained of the surrounding country. On every side are to be seen signs of the improvements effected by the Prince. The well-arranged plantations, the neat rustic palings, the well-kept roads and foot-paths, all denote wealth judiciously expended. Presently the traveler sees the pretty tower of the little old church of Sandringham, with its flag floating in the breeze; then the western façade of Sandringham Hall becomes visible through the fine trees on the left of the road; and at last the lodge and gates are reached.

Opposite the tower of the church, and overshadowed by two fine trees, stands the ivy-clad rectory house; and a little below this is the school-house, erected and supported by the Prince. It is a neat little building in the modern Gothic style, constructed of iron-stone, with dressings of white brick. It consists of a large school-room, with an open timber roof, apartments for the mistress, etc. Two or three cottages built in the same neat style compose the whole village of Sandringham.

The best view of Sandringham Hall is from the path leading from the church-yard to the Hall, as represented in our illustration. It is a handsome and dignified building, constructed of red brick and stone in the style of JAMES I. The whole has been erected at the cost of the Prince, as the house which originally stood on this site was found to be in a ruinous state, caused by the dry-rot. In addition to the Hall itself, very extensive stables, lodges, laborers' cottages, and other adjuncts to a great country house have also been constructed. The room in which the Prince lies is that with a bow-window, on the first floor, near the middle of the building.

The Prince of Wales purchased the Sandringham property from Mr. COWPER-TEMPLE, M.P., in 1862. It was not, however, until his marriage,



HUNTING WILD TURKEYS—THE RETREAT.—[SEE PAGE 116.]

in the spring of 1863, that his Royal Highness passed very much of his time upon his newly acquired domain. After his marriage the Prince and his bride spent a portion of their honey-moon at their Norfolk residence. After the London season they returned in the autumn, when the Prince applied himself with ardor to field sports on his estate. An annual practice was also commenced of giving doles to the deserving poor upon the property, and the royal couple also interested themselves in the education of the children of their poorer neighbors. In the summer of 1869 the Prince and Princess of Wales sustained the most prominent part in the inauguration of the Lynn Docks, but they were unable to visit Sandringham in 1869–70, in consequence of the reconstruction of Sandringham House. They accordingly passed January, 1870, at Gunton Hall, which was placed at their disposal by Lord Suffield. In the summer of 1870 the extension of Sandringham House was completed, and in the autumn of 1870, and on the birthday of the Prince, their Royal Highnesses gave a magnificent county ball, to which several hundred guests were bidden. A similar entertainment was given in November, 1871, shortly before the Prince was seized by his recent lamentable illness.

(Continued from No. 786, page 70.)

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXIII.

ATLEE ON HIS TRAVELS.

ON board the Austrian Lloyd's steamer in which he sailed from Constantinople Joseph Atlee employed himself in the composition of a small volume purporting to be the "Experiences of a Two Years' Residence in Greece." In an opening chapter of this work he had modestly intimated to the reader how an intimate acquaintance with the language and literature of modern Greece, great opportunities of mixing with every class and condition of the people, a mind well stored with classical acquirements and thoroughly versed in antiquarian lore, a strong poetic temperament, and the feeling of an artist for scenery, had all combined to give him a certain fitness for his task; and by the extracts from his diary it would be seen on what terms of freedom he conversed with ministers and embassadors, even with royalty itself.

A most pitiless chapter was devoted to the exposure of the mistakes and misrepresentations of a late *Quarterly* article called "Greece and her Protectors," whose statements were the more mercilessly handled and ridiculed that the paper in question had been written by himself, and the sarcastic allusions to the sources of the information not the less pungent on that account.

That the writer had been admitted to frequent audiences of the King; that he had discussed with his Majesty the cutting of the Isthmus of Corinth; that the King had seriously confided to him his belief that, in the event of his abdication, the Ionian Islands must revert to him as a personal appanage, the terms on which they were annexed to Greece being decided by lawyers to bear this interpretation—all these Atlee denied of his own knowledge, and asked the reader to follow him into the royal cabinet for his reasons.

When, therefore, he heard that, from some damage to the machinery, the vessel must be detained some days at Syra to refit, Atlee was scarcely sorry that necessity gave him an opportunity to visit Athens.

A little about Ulysses and a good deal about Lord Byron, a smattering of Grote and a more perfect memory of About, were, as he owned to himself, all his Greece; but he could answer for what three days in the country would do for him, particularly with that spirit of candid inquiry he could now bring to his task, and the genuine fairness with which he desired to judge the people.

"The two years' resident" in Athens must doubtless often have dined with his minister; and so Atlee sent his card to the Legation.

Mr. Brammell, our "present minister at Athens," as the *Times* continued to designate him, as though to imply that the appointment might not be permanent, was an excellent man, of that stamp of which diplomacy has more—who consider that the court to which they are accredited concentrates for the time the political interests of the globe. That any one in Europe thought, read, spoke, or listened to any thing but what was then happening in Greece, Mr. Brammell could not believe. That France or Prussia, Spain or Italy, could divide attention with this small kingdom—that the great political minds of the Continent were not more eager to know what Comoundouros thought and Bulgaris required than all about Bismarck and Gortschakoff—he could not be brought to conceive; and in consequence of these convictions he was an admirable minister, and fully represented all the interests of his country.

As that admirable public instructor, the *Levant Herald*, had frequently mentioned Atlee's name, now as the guest of Kulbash Pasha, now as having attended some public ceremony with other persons of importance, and once as "our distinguished countryman, whose wise suggestions and acute observations have been duly accepted by the imperial cabinet," Brammell at once knew that this distinguished countryman should be entertained at dinner, and he sent him an invitation. That habit—so popular of late years—to send out some man from England to do something at a foreign court that the British embassador or minister there either has not done or can not do, possibly ought never to do, had invested Atlee in Brammell's eyes with the character of one of those semi-accredited inscrutable people whose function it would seem to be to make us out the most meddlesome people in Europe.

Of course Brammell was not pleased to see him at Athens, and he ran over all the possible contingencies he might have come for. It might be the old Greek loan which was to be raked up again as a new grievance. It might be the pensions that they would not pay, or the brigands that they would not catch—pretty much for the same reasons—that they could not. It might be that they wanted to hear what Tsousicheff, the new Russian minister, was doing, and whether the farce of the "Grand Idea" was advertised for repetition. It might be Crete was on the *tapis*, or it might be the question of the Greek envoy to the Porte that the Sultan refused to receive, and which promised to turn out a very pretty quarrel if only adroitly treated.

The more Brammell thought of it, the more he felt assured this must be the reason of Atlee's visit, and the more indignant he grew that extra-official means should be employed to investigate what he had written seventeen dispatches to explain—seventeen dispatches, with nine "inclosures," and a "private and confidential," about to appear in a blue-book.

To make the dinner as confidential as might be, the only guests besides Atlee were a couple of yachting Englishmen, a German Professor of Archæology, and the American minister, who, of course speaking no language but his own, could always be escaped from by a digression into French, German, or Italian.

Atlee felt, as he entered the drawing-room, that the company was what he irreverently called afterward a scratch team, and with an almost equal quickness he saw that he himself was the "personage" of the entertainment, the "man of mark" of the party.

The same tact which enabled him to perceive all this made him especially guarded in all he said, so that his host's efforts to unveil his intentions and learn what he had come for were complete failures. "Greece was a charming country.—Greece was the parent of any civilization we boasted.—She gave us those ideas of architecture with which we raised that glorious temple at Kensington, and that taste for sculpture which we exhibited near Apsley House.—Aristophanes gave us our comic drama, and only the defaults of our language made it difficult to show why the member for Cork did not more often recall Demosthenes."

As for insolvency, it was a very gentleman-like failing; while brigandage was only what Sheil used to euphemize as "the wild justice" of noble spirits, too impatient for the sluggard steps of slow redress, and too proud not to be self-reliant.

Thus excusing and extenuating wherein he could not flatter, Atlee talked on the entire evening, till he sent the two Englishmen home heartily sick of a bombastic eulogy on the land where a pilot had run their cutter on a rock, and a revenue officer had seized all their tobacco. The German had retired early, and the Yankee hastened to his lodgings to "jot down" all the fine things he could commit to his next dispatch home, and overwhelm Mr. Seward with an array of historic celebrities such as had never been seen at Washington.

"They're gone at last," said the minister. "Let us have our cigar on the terrace."

The unbounded frankness, the unlimited trustfulness, that now ensued between these two men was charming. Brammell represented one hard worked and sorely tried in his country's service; the perfect slave of office, spending nights long at his desk, but not appreciated, not valued, at home. It was delightful, therefore, to him to find a man like Atlee to whom he could tell this—could tell for what an ungrateful country he toiled, what ignorance he sought to enlighten, what actual stupidity he had to counteract. He spoke of the Office—from his tone of horror it might have been the Holy Office—with a sort of tremulous terror and aversion: the absurd instructions they sent him, the impossible things he was to do, the inconceivable lines of policy he was to insist on: how but for him the King would abdicate, and a Russian protectorate be proclaimed; how the revolt at Athens would be proclaimed in Thessaly; how Skulkekoff, the Russian general, was waiting to move into the provinces "at the first check my policy shall receive here," cried he. "I shall show you on this map; and here are the names, armament, and tonnage, of a hundred and ninety-four gun-boats now ready at Nicholief to move down on Constantinople."

Was it not strange, was it not worse than strange, after such a show of unbounded confidence as this, Atlee would reveal nothing? Whatever his grievances against the people he served—and who is without them?—he would say nothing, he had no complaint to make. Things he admitted were bad, but they might be worse. The monarchy existed still, and the House of Lords was, for a while at least, tolerated. Ireland was disturbed, but not in open rebellion; and if we had no army to speak of, we still had a navy, and even the present Admiralty only lost about five ships a year!

Till long after midnight did they fence with each other, with buttons on their foils—very harmlessly, no doubt, but very uselessly too: Brammell could make nothing of a man who neither wanted to hear about finance nor taxation, court scandal, schools, nor public robbery; and though he could not in so many words ask, What have you come for? why are you here? he said this in full fifty different ways for three hours and more.

"You make some stay among as, I trust?" said the minister, as his guest rose to take leave. "You mean to see something of this interesting country before you leave?"

"I fear not; when the repairs to the steamer enable her to put to sea, they are to let me know by telegraph, and I shall join her."

"Are you so pressed for time that you can not spare us a week or two?"

"Totally impossible! Parliament will sit in January next, and I must hasten home."

This was to imply that he was in the House, or that he expected to be, or that he ought to be, and, even if he were not, that his presence in England was all-essential to somebody who was in Parliament, and for whom his information, his explanation, his accusation, or any thing else, was all needed, and so Brammell read it and bowed accordingly.

"By-the-way," said the minister, as the other was leaving the room, and with that sudden abruptness of a wayward thought, "we have been talking of all sorts of things and people, but not a word about what we are so full of here. How is this difficulty about the new Greek envoy to the Porte to end? You know, of course, the Sultan refuses to receive him?"

"The Pasha told me something of it, but I confess to have paid little attention. I treated the matter as insignificant."

"Insignificant! You can not mean that an affront so openly administered as this, the greatest national offense that could be offered, is insignificant?" and then, with a volubility that smacked very little of want of preparation, he ran over how the idea of sending a particular man, long compromised by his complicity in the Cretan revolt, to Constantinople, came from Russia, and that the opposition of the Porte to accept him was also Russian. "I got to the bottom of the whole intrigue. I wrote home how Tsousicheff was nursing this new quarrel. I told our people facts of the Muscovite policy that they never got a hint of from their embassador at St. Petersburg."

"It was rare luck that we had you here: good-night, good-night," said Atlee, as he buttoned his coat.

"More than that, I said, 'If the cabinet here persist in sending Kostalergi—'"

"Whom did you say? What name was it you said?"

"Kostalergi—the Prince. As much a prince as you are. First of all, they have no better; and secondly, this is the most consummate adventurer in the East."

"I should like to know him. Is he here—at Athens?"

"Of course he is. He is waiting till he hears the Sultan will receive him."

"I should like to know him," said Atlee, more seriously.

"Nothing easier. He comes here every day. Will you meet him at dinner to-morrow?"

"Delighted! but then I should like a little conversation with him in the morning. Perhaps you would kindly make me known to him?"

"With sincere pleasure. I'll write and ask him to dine—and I'll say that you will wait on him. I'll say, 'My distinguished friend Mr. Atlee, of whom you have heard, will wait on you about eleven or twelve.' Will that do?"

"Perfectly. So then I may make my visit on the presumption of being expected?"

"Certainly. Not that Kostalergi wants much preparation. He plays baccara all night, but he is at his desk at six."

"Is he rich?"

"Hasn't a sixpence—but plays all the same. And, what people are more surprised at, pays when he loses. If I had not already passed an evening in your company, I should be bold enough to hint to you the need of caution—great caution—in talking with him."

"I know—I am aware," said Atlee, with a meaning smile.

"You will not be misled by his cunning, Mr. Atlee, but beware of his candor."

"I will be on my guard. Many thanks for the caution. Good-night!—once more, good-night!"

CHAPTER LXIV.

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

So excited did Atlee feel about meeting the father of Nina Kostalergi—of whose strange doings and adventurous life he had heard much—that he scarcely slept the entire night. It puzzled him greatly to determine in what character he should present himself to this crafty Greek. Political amateurship was now so popular in England that he might easily enough pass off for one of those "Bulls" desirous to make himself up on the Greek question. This was a part that offered no difficulty. "Give me five minutes of any man—a little longer with a woman—and I'll know where his sympathies incline to." This was a constant boast of his, and not altogether a vain one. He might be an archæological traveler, eager about new-discovered relics and curious about ruined temples. He might be a yachting man, who only cared for Salamis as good anchorage, nor thought of the Acropolis except as a point of departure; or he might be one of those myriads who travel without knowing where or caring why; airing their *ennui* now at Thebes, now at Trolhatten; a weariful, dispirited race, who rarely look so thoroughly alive as when choosing a cigar or changing their money. There was no reason why the "distinguished Mr. Atlee" might not be one of these—he was accredited, too, by his minister, and his "solidarity," as the French call it, was beyond question.

While yet revolving these points, a cavass—with much gold in his jacket, and a voluminous petticoat of white calico—came to inform him that his Excellency the Prince hoped to see him at breakfast at eleven o'clock; and it now only wanted a few minutes of that hour. Atlee detained the messenger to show him the road, and at last set out.

Traversing one dreary, ill-built street after another, they arrived at last at what seemed a little lane, the entrance to which carriages were denied by a line of stone posts, at the extremity of which a small green gate appeared in a wall. Pushing this wide open, the cavass stood respectfully while Atlee passed in, and found himself in what, for Greece, was a garden. There were two fine palm-trees, and a small scrub of oleanders and dwarf cedars that grew around a little fish-pond, where a small Triton in the middle, with distended cheeks, should have poured forth a refreshing jet of water, but his lips were dry, and his conch-shell empty, and the muddy tank at his feet a mere surface of broad water-lilies convulsively shaken by bull-frogs. A short shady path led to the house—a two-storied edifice, with the external stair of wood, that seemed to crawl round it on every side.

In a good-sized room of the ground-floor Atlee found the Prince awaiting him. He was confined to a sofa by a slight sprain, he called it, and apologized for his not being able to rise.

The Prince, though advanced in years, was still handsome; his features had all the splendid regularity of their Greek origin; but in the enormous orbits, of which the tint was nearly black, and the indented temples, traversed by veins of immense size, and the firm compression of his lips, might be read the signs of a man who carried the gambling spirit into every incident of life, one ready "to back his luck," and show a bold front to fortune when fate proved adverse.

The Greek's manner was perfect. There was all the ease of a man used to society, with a sort of half-sly courtesy, as he said, "This is kindness, Mr. Atlee—this is real kindness. I scarcely thought an Englishman would have the courage to call upon any thing so unpopular as I am."

"I have come to see you and the Parthenon, Prince, and I have begun with you."

"And you will tell them, when you get home, that I am not the terrible revolutionist they think me: that I am neither Danton nor Felix Pyat, but a very mild and rather tiresome old man, whose extreme violence goes no further than believing that people ought to be masters in their own house, and that when any one disputes the right, the best thing is to throw him out of the window."

"If he will not go by the door," remarked Atlee.

"No, I would not give him the chance of the door. Otherwise you make no distinction between your friends and your enemies. It is by the mild methods—what you call 'milk-and-water methods'—men spoil all their efforts for freedom. You always want to cut off somebody's head and spill no blood. There's the mistake of those Irish rebels: they tell me they have courage, but I find it hard to believe them."

"Do believe them, then, and know for certain that there is not a braver people in Europe."

"How do you keep them down, then?"

"You must not ask *me* that, for I am one of them."

"You Irish?"

"Yes, Irish—very Irish."

"Ah! I see. Irish in an English sense? Just as there are Greeks here who believe in Kulbash Pasha, and would say, Stay at home and till your currant fields and mind your coasting trade. Don't try to be civilized, for civilization goes badly with brigandage, and scarcely suits trickery. And you are aware, Mr. Atlee, that trickery and brigandage are more to Greece than olives or dried figs."

There was that of mockery in the way he said this, and the little smile that played about his mouth when he finished, that left Atlee in considerable doubt how to read him.

"I study your newspapers, Mr. Atlee," resumed he. "I never omit to read your *Times*, and I see how my old acquaintance Lord Danesbury has been making Turkey out of Ireland. It is so hard to persuade an old embassador that you can not do every thing by corruption!"

"I scarcely think you do him justice."

"Poor Danesbury!" ejaculated he, sorrowfully.

"You opine that his policy is a mistake?"

"Poor Danesbury!" said he again.

"He is one of our ablest men, notwithstanding. At this moment we have not his superior in any thing."

"I was going to say, Poor Danesbury, but I now say, Poor England."

Atlee bit his lip with anger at the sarcasm, but went on: "I infer you are not aware of the exact share subordinates have had in what you call Lord Danesbury's Irish blunders—"

"Pardon my interrupting you—but a really able man has no subordinates. His inferior agents are so thoroughly absorbed by his own individuality that they have no wills—no instincts—and therefore they can do no indiscretions. They are the simple emanations of himself in action."

"In Turkey, perhaps," said Atlee, with a smile.

"If in Turkey, why not in England, or, at least, in Ireland? If you are well served—and, mind, you must be well served, or you are powerless—you can always in political life see the adversary's hand. That he sees yours is, of course, true: the great question, then, is, how much you mean to mislead him by the showing it? I give you an instance: Lord Danesbury's cleverest stroke in policy here, the one hit probably he made in the East, was to have a private correspondence with the Khedive made known to the Russian Embassy, and induce Gortschakoff to believe that he could not trust the Pasha! All the Russian preparations to move down on the provinces were countermanded. The stores of grain that were being made on the Pruth were arrested, and three, nearly four, weeks elapsed before the mistake was discovered, and in that interval England had reinforced the squadron at Malta, and taken steps to encourage Turkey—always to be done by money, or promise of money."

"It was a *coup* of great adroitness," said Atlee.

"It was more," cried the Greek, with elation.

"It was a move of such subtlety as smacks of something higher than the Saxon. The men who do these things have the instinct of their craft. It is theirs to understand that chemistry of human motives by which a certain combination results in effects totally remote from the agents that produce it. Can you follow me?"

"I believe I can."

"I would rather say, Is my attempt at an explanation sufficiently clear to be intelligible?"

Atlee looked fixedly at him—and he could do so unobserved, for the other was now occupied in preparing his pipe—without minding the question. Therefore Atlee set himself to study the features before him. It was evident enough, from the intensity of his gaze and a certain trembling of his upper lip, that the scrutiny cost him no common effort. It was, in fact, the effort to divine what if he mistook to read aright would be an irreparable blunder.

With the long-drawn inspiration a man makes before he adventures a daring feat, he said: "It is time I should be candid with you, Prince. It is time I should tell you that I am in Greece only to see *you*."

"To see me?" said the other, and a very faint flush passed across his face.

"To see you," said Atlee, slowly, while he drew out a pocket-book and took from it a letter. "This," said he, handing it, "is to your address." The words on the cover were M. Speridionides.

"I am Speridion Kostalergi, and by birth a Prince of Delos," said the Greek, waving back the letter.

"I am well aware of that, and it is only in perfect confidence that I venture to recall a past that your Excellency will see I respect;" and Atlee spoke with an air of deference.

"The antecedents of the men who serve this country are not to be measured by the artificial habits of a people who regulate condition by money. *Your* statesmen have no need to be journalists, teachers, tutors: Frenchmen and Italians are all these, and on the Lower Danube and in Greece we are these and something more.—Nor are we less politicians that we are more men of the world.—The little of statecraft that French Emperor ever knew he picked up in his days of exile." All this he blurted out in short and passionate bursts, like an angry man who was trying to be logical in his anger, and to make an effort of reason subdue his wrath.

"If I had not understood these things as you yourself understand them, I should not have been so indiscreet as to offer you that letter;" and once more he proffered it.

This time the Greek took it, tore open the envelope, and read it through.

"It is from Lord Danesbury," said he at length. "When we parted last I was, in a certain sense, my lord's subordinate—that is, there were things none of his staff of secretaries or attachés or dragomen could do, and I could do them. Times are changed, and if we are to meet again, it will be as colleagues. It is true, Mr. Atlee, the embassador of England and the envoy of Greece are not exactly of the same rank. I do not permit myself many illusions, and this is not one of them; but remember, if Great Britain be a first-rate power, Greece is a volcano. It is for us to say when there shall be an eruption."

It was evident, from the rambling tenor of this speech, he was speaking rather to conceal his thoughts, and give himself time for reflection, than to enunciate any definite opinion; and so Atlee, with native acuteness, read him, as he simply bowed a cold assent.

"Why should I give him back his letters?" burst out the Greek, warmly. "What does he offer me in exchange for them? Money! mere money! By what presumption does he assume that I must be in such want of money that the only question should be the sum? May not the time come when I shall be questioned in our Chamber as to certain matters of policy, and my only vindication be the documents of this same English embassador, written in his own hand and signed with his name? Will you tell me that the triumphant assertion of a man's honor is not more to him than bank-notes?"

Though the heroic spirit of this speech went but a short way to deceive Atlee, who only read it as a plea for a higher price, it was his policy to seem to believe every word of it, and he looked a perfect picture of quiet conviction.

"You little suspect what these letters are," said the Greek.

"I believe I know: I rather think I have a catalogue of them and their contents," mildly hinted the other.

"Ah! indeed; and are you prepared to vouch for the accuracy and completeness of your list?"

"You must be aware it is only my lord himself can answer that question."

"Is there—in your enumeration—is there the letter about Crete? and the false news that deceived the Baron de Baude? Is there the note of my instructions to the Khedive? Is there—I am sure there is not—any mention of the negotiation with Stephanotis Bey?"

"I have seen Stephanotis myself; I have just come from him," said Atlee, grasping at the escape the name offered.

"Ah, you know the old Palikao?"

"Intimately: we are, I hope, close friends; he was at Kulbash Pasha's while I was there, and we had much talk together."

"And from him it was you learned that Speridionides was Speridion Kostalergi?" said the Greek, slowly.

"Surely this is not meant as a question, or, at least, a question to be answered?" said Atlee, smiling.

"No, no, of course not," replied the other, politely. "We are chatting together, if not like old friends, like men who have every element to become dear friends. We see life pretty much from the same point of view, Mr. Atlee—is it not so?"

"It would be a great flattery to me to think it." And Joe's eyes sparkled as he spoke.

"One has to make his choice somewhat early in the world whether he will hunt or be hunted: I believe that is about the case."

"I suspect so."

"I did not take long to decide; *I* took my place with the wolves!" Nothing could be more quietly uttered than these words; but there was a savage ferocity in his look as he said them that held Atlee almost spell-bound. "And you, Mr. Atlee? and you? I need scarcely ask where *your* choice fell!"

It was so palpable that the words meant a compliment, Atlee had only to smile a polite acceptance of them.

"These letters," said the Greek, resuming, and like one who had not mentally lapsed from the theme—"these letters are all that my lord deems them. They are the very stuff that, in your country of publicity and free discussion, would make or mar the very best reputations among you. And," added he, after a pause, "there are none of them destroyed—none!"

"He is aware of that."

"No, he is not aware of it to the extent I speak of, for many of the documents that he believed he saw burned in his own presence, on his own hearth, are here, here in the room we sit in! So that I am in the proud position of being able to vindicate his policy in many cases where his memory might prove weak or fallacious."

"Although I know Lord Danesbury's value for these papers does not bear out your own, I will not suffer myself to discuss the point. I return at once to what I have come for. Shall I make you an offer in money for them, Monsieur Kostalergi?"

"What is the amount you propose?"

"I was to negotiate for a thousand pounds first. I was to give two thousand at the last resort. I will begin at the last resort and pay you two."

"Why not piastres, Mr. Atlee? I'm sure your instructions must have said piastres."

Quite unmoved by the sarcasm, Atlee took out his pocket-book and read from a memorandum: "Should M. Kostalergi refuse your offer or think it insufficient, on no account let the negotiation take any turn of acrimony or recrimination. He has rendered me great services in past times, and it will be for himself to determine whether he should do or say what should in any way bar our future relations together."

"This is not a menace?" said the Greek, smiling superciliously.

"No. It is simply an instruction," said the other, after a slight hesitation.

"The men who make a trade of diplomacy," said the Greek, haughtily, "reserve it for their dealings with cabinets. In home or familiar intercourse they are straightforward and simple. Without these papers your noble master can not return to Turkey as embassador. Do not interrupt me. He can not come back as embassador to the Porte! It is for him to say how he estimates the post. An ambitious man with ample reason for his ambition, an able man with a thorough conviction of his ability, a patriotic man who understood and saw the services he could render to his country, would not bargain at the price the place should cost him, nor say ten thousand pounds too much to pay for it."

"Ten thousand pounds!" exclaimed Atlee, but in real and unfeigned astonishment.

"I have said ten thousand, and I will not say nine—nor nine thousand nine hundred."

Atlee slowly arose and took his hat. "I have too much respect for yourself and for your time, M. Kostalergi, to impose any longer on your leisure. I have no need to say that your proposal is totally unacceptable."

"You have not heard it all, Sir. The money is but a part of what I insist on. I shall demand, besides, that the British embassador at Constantinople shall formally support my claim to be received as envoy from Greece, and that the whole might of England be pledged to the ratification of my appointment."

A very cold but not uncourteous smile was all Atlee's acknowledgment of this speech.

"There are small details which regard my title and the rank that I lay claim to. With these I do not trouble you. I will merely say I reserve them if we should discuss this in future."

"Of that there is little prospect. Indeed, I see none whatever. I may say this much, however, Prince, that I shall most willingly undertake to place your claims to be received as minister for Greece at the Porte under Lord Danesbury's notice, and, I have every hope, for favorable consideration. We are not likely to meet again: may I assume that we part friends?"

"You only anticipate my own sincere desire."

As they passed slowly through the garden, Atlee stopped and said: "Had I been able to tell my lord, 'The Prince is just named special envoy at Constantinople. The Turks are offended at something he has done in Crete or Thessaly. Without certain pressure on the Divan they will not receive him. Will your lordship empower me to say that you will undertake this, and, moreover, enable me to assure him that all the cost and expenditure of his outfit shall be met in a suitable form?' If, in fact, you give me your permission to submit such a basis as this, I should leave Athens far happier than I feel now."

"The Chamber has already voted the outfit. It is very modest, but it is enough. Our national resources are at a low ebb. You might, indeed—that is, if you still wished to plead my cause—you might tell my lord that I had destined this sum as the fortune of my daughter. I have a daughter, Mr. Atlee, and at present sojourning in your own country. And though at one time I was minded to recall her, and take her with me to Turkey, I have grown to doubt whether it would be a wise policy. Our Greek contingencies are too many and too sudden to let us project very far in life."

"Strange enough," said Atlee, thoughtfully, "you have just—as it were by mere hazard—struck the one chord in the English nature that will always respond to the appeal of a home affection. Were I to say, 'Do you know why Kostalergi makes so hard a bargain? It is to endow a daughter. It is the sole provision he stipulates to make her—Greek statesmen can amass no fortunes—this hazard will secure the girl's future!' On my life, I can not think of one argument that would have equal weight."

Kostalergi smiled faintly, but did not speak.

"Lord Danesbury never married, but I know with what interest and affection he follows the fortunes of men who live to secure the happiness of their children. It is the one plea he could not resist; to be sure, he might say, 'Kostalergi told you this, and perhaps at the time he himself believed it; but how can a man who likes the world and its very costliest pleasures guard himself against his own habits? Who is to pledge his honor that the girl will ever be the owner of this sum?'"

"I shall place *that* beyond a cavil or a question; he shall be himself her guardian. The money shall not leave his hands till she marries. You have your own laws, by which a man can charge his estate with the payment of a certain amount. My lord, if he assents to this, will know how it may be done. I repeat, I do not desire to touch a drachma of the sum."

"You interest me immensely. I can not tell you how intensely I feel interested in all this. In fact, I shall own to you frankly that you have at last employed an argument I do not know how—even if I wished—to answer. Am I at liberty to state this pretty much as you have told it?"

"Every word of it."

"Will you go further—will you give me a little line, a memorandum in your own hand, to show that I do not misstate nor mistake you—that I have your meaning correctly, and without even a chance of error?"

"I will write it formally and deliberately."

The bell of the outer door rang at the moment. It was a telegraphic message to Atlee to say that the steamer had perfected her repairs and would sail that evening.

"You mean to sail with her?" asked the Greek. "Well, within an hour you shall have my packet. Good-by. I have no doubt we shall hear of each other again."

"I think I could venture to bet on it," were Atlee's last words as he turned away.

NEW-YEAR'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Some curious observances connected with the New-Year season—perhaps vestiges of the ancient Celtic heathenism—have lingered long in the Highlands, though now modified by the spread of intelligence. During last century the old fashions were in full sway. All work was ostentatiously laid aside on the afternoon of the 31st December, and the men of a *clachan*, or hamlet, repaired to the wood, and cut down a number of juniper-bushes, which they carried home on their backs in preparation for the strange ceremonial of the morrow. Each household also procured a pitcher of water from "the dead and living ford"—that is, the ford in a river by which funerals and passengers crossed. This water was brought in perfect silence, and without the vessel being allowed to touch the ground in its progress, as contact with the earth would have destroyed the virtue of the spell involved. At an early hour next morning every dwelling was the scene of singular rites, which where supposed to preserve against witchcraft, the evil-eye, and other "devilments" during the year then begun. The father, or head of the house, was the first to rise. He kindled the fire, and then, taking the charmed water and a brush, treated the rest of the family, old and young, who were still abed, to a profuse aspersion, which was generally acknowledged with any thing but gratitude. What remained of the water was still farther enchanted by being poured over an oval-shaped crystal, or a long-hoarded piece of silver money, and then carried to the byre (which, in most cases, was under the same roof with the cottage), where it was given to the cattle to drink. On returning, the operator heaped part of the juniper-bushes on the hearth, and carefully closing and stuffing the doors, windows, and every *bole* or crevice which could admit the slightest breath of air, set fire to the pile. The dense smoke thence arising speedily reduced the inmates to the point of suffocation. When the fresh air was readmitted, a stout glass of whisky, which "had never seen the gauger," was served round, and the cattle were next subjected to a similar fumigation, which concluded the painful solemnities of the morning. At the present day it is only in remote districts that such "cantrips" continue to be practiced, and even there the cattle alone are favored with the charmed water and the juniper-smoke. It will be recollected that the Mussulmans of India use lamp and smoke charms for casting out devils and curing diseases. But belief in the influence of the evil-eye on cows and horses is still prevalent in the Highlands, although, happily, the antidote to this malignant power is well known: the owner of the threatened animal, if it be a cow, has nothing more to do than to offer the suspected person a little of its milk; or, if it be a horse, to name a price, however extravagant, at which he is willing to sell it.

A farcical Hogmanay (the Scottish name for New-Year's Eve) prank in Coll, one of the Hebrides, had the honor of being noticed by Dr. Johnson in his "Journey to the Western Islands:" "At New-Year's Eve, in the hall or castle of the laird, where, at festal seasons, there may be supposed a very numerous company, one man dresses himself in a cow's hide, upon which other men beat with sticks. He runs with all this noise round the house, which all the company quit in a counterfeited fright. The door is then shut. At New-Year's Eve there is no great pleasure to be had out-of-doors in the Hebrides. They are sure soon to recover from their terror enough to solicit readmission, which, for the honor of poetry, is not to be obtained but by repeating a verse, with which those that are knowing and provident take care to be furnished."

Early on the last evening of the year bands of boys go from house to house, in town and country, "singing for carls," as it is called—these "carls" being oaten three-cornered cakes, baked for the occasion, and distributed along with slices of cheese. But much of the old picturesqueness of the custom has died out. In Scotland, masking at Hogmanay is termed "guizing," and maskers are "guizards." The glory of the "guizards" has departed. Arrayed in such fantastic habiliments as they could muster, and wearing pasteboard "fause faces," they enacted a sort of rhymical drama, closely resembling that known in England as "St. George's Play." The *dramatis personæ* comprised Galatian, or Galatius (probably the Caledonian king, Galgacus, who fought Agricola at the battle of the Grampians), the Black Knight, Dr. Brown (who cured dead men), Devil Doubt, or Judas (who bore the traditional bag), and Bessie, the Talking Man or Chorus. This tragi-comedy has almost entirely fallen into oblivion, doubtless from the trouble of committing it to memory. The singing-boys, who represent the guizards, still affect disguise by blackening their faces with soot, or putting on the pasteboard masks with which the toy-shop windows are hideous for weeks before Hogmanay; but the performance is limited to a popular song.

The guizing and guizards of old times could not fail to provoke the ire of the Kirk, and high censures were from time to time pronounced, but all to little purpose. Such denunciations were equally ineffectual when directed against what was considered an analogous form of masking. In the seventeenth century, and later, the Scottish women of all degrees were fond of wearing a light plaid, or "tartan screen," disposed about the head and shoulders in such a way as that it could be used as a veil to conceal the face in public, "at kirk or market." This fashion was pertinaciously condemned from all the pulpits, and the ecclesiastical mind waxed so bitter that the kirk session of Monifeith (a Forfarshire parish) passed an order, on 17th September, 1643, directing their beddal, or officer, "to buy ane pynt of tar to put upon the women that hold the plaid about their head in the church"—that is to say, the fair delinquents were to be tarred like so many sheep. Nevertheless, the plaid veil survived to Allan Ramsay's day, as testified by one of his finest lyrics:

"Now wat ye wha I met yestreen
  Coming down the street, my jo?
My mistress, in her tartan screen,
  Fu' bonnie braw and sweet, my jo."

But to return to Hogmanay. Long before midnight the singing-boys have disappeared with their wallets of "carls;" and as the "witching time" approaches, the streets of a town gradually become crowded with lads of the artisan class, waiting to usher in the coming year, the chief place of rendezvous being the market cross. Nobody can think of retiring to rest till after "that hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane." At last the clock strikes twelve, and each stroke is welcomed by the eager assemblage at the cross with a cheer that might arouse the dead. Numbers now rush away, at headlong speed, on first-footing expeditions, leaving the rest shaking hands, wishing "a gude New-Year and a merry Handsel-Monday," and filling up and tossing off bumpers. Meanwhile the street wells are environed by giggling damsels with pitchers and pans, each striving to obtain "the cream o' the well"—that is, the first draught of water after twelve o'clock, which insures good luck throughout the year, coupled with the certainty of a husband. About forty or fifty years ago the "het pint" was all the rage on New-Year's morning. It was compounded of warm ale, whisky, and sugar—a most heady mixture—which was carried about in copper kettles, and dispensed in the streets, as well as in every household favored by the visit of a first-foot. But the kettle with its het pint has long been superseded by the ever-lasting whisky-bottle.

The most extraordinary and inexplicable Hogmanay custom in Scotland is that called "burning the clavie," which annually enlivens the fishing village of Burghead, on the Moray Firth. Its origin and import have hitherto baffled the researches of the learned. The "clavie" consists chiefly of a tar-barrel, which, being ignited in the gloaming, is carried about the town in triumph, and then deposited on the top of a neighboring eminence, from which, however, it is speedily displaced, and rolled down to the bottom. The unmeaning ceremony is concluded by the crowd knocking the blazing "clavie" to pieces.

On New-Year's Day most of the people will neither borrow, lend, nor give any thing whatever out of their houses, for fear of their luck suffering. Even so trival a matter as a light is refused, and angrily refused, too. The floor must not be swept, for the same reason; and it is a bad sign if the fire goes out, as that portends death. All over Scotland the day is celebrated with unrestrained festivity. A superstitious anxiety is expressed to enter on the new year with "routh o' roughness," or plenty to eat and drink, the contrary being an evil omen. The very poorest do their best to provide "something bye ordinar" to hold good cheer; and to all appearance they attain their object, if streets filled with drunken people from morning till night can form a criterion. Even the paupers in the poor-houses are treated to a New-Year's supper, which is graced by the presence of the leading managers.